

NE

*For Mitchell Chapman's*  
*and art*  
*People*  
*about*  
*Monthly*  
**NATIONAL**  
**MAGAZINE**

ST. LOUIS  
READING ROOM  
PUBLIC LIBRARY



"So through the night rode Paul Revere"

APRIL, 1920

Twenty Cents

# *One thing you can depend upon—the meat supply*

Because no shortage has developed to attract your attention—you may not have noticed what an abundance and variety of meat there is on the daily market.

The butcher is almost the only man who does not shake his head and murmur, "Sorry, ma'am, but we can't get deliveries on that."

How is it that Swift & Company can keep up such a service?

By having a smooth-working distributing organization that spreads over the country.

And competition is so keen among packers that if we didn't make timely deliveries, some one else would.

An intense rivalry for markets keeps every packer's organization "on its toes" to get meat products to the consumer in spite of difficulties and emergencies.

And this same competition keeps Swift & Company selling at prices which yield a profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent per pound; otherwise some one else would get our business.

## Swift & Company, U. S. A.

*Founded 1868*

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders





# THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK OF BOSTON

Resources over \$250,000,000

President

ALFRED L. AIKEN

Vice-Presidents

NORMAN I. ADAMS

ROBERT S. POTTER

W. A. BURNHAM, Jr.

JOHN BOLINGER

ADDISON L. WINSHIP

FRANK A. NEWELL

FRANK C. NICHOLS

Cashier

JAMES E. RYDER

Association for many years with the great automotive industry of the country has given this bank an intimate acquaintance with the banking needs of automobile manufacturers and dealers.

Our Foreign Department offers its facilities to export sales organizations planning to penetrate foreign markets.



## Heart Songs

This book is to music what "Heart Throbs" is to literature

Over 500 pages bound in cloth and gold .... \$3.25

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

Boston 25, Mass.

If you plan on attending the

**Democratic Convention**  
or the

**Knights Templars Triennial Conclave**

in San Francisco, or the

**Republican Convention**

in Chicago, drop a line to

**GEORGE E. MARSTERS**

248 Washington Street . . . Boston

Experts on Tickets and Tours

We can save you lots of trouble, time and money in these days of RUSH TRAVEL



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE *Mostly about People*



Vol. XLIX

APRIL 1920

New Series No. 2

## Articles of Current Interest

Affairs at Washington	Illustrated	Joe Mitchell Chapple	51
League of Nations Still Pending			
Peace Treaty Likely to be Issue in the Presidential Campaign			
This Young Woman Knows all about Our New National Beverage			
Some Little Pleader for the "Lost Cause"—We'll Say			
Americanization and Rehabilitation of Hawaii is Urged by Senator John H. Wise			
Suffrage Injects New Complication into Presidential Controversy			
New Secretary of State Has Ambition to Write Detective Fiction			
Representative from Montana a Farmer as Well as a Politician			
California Senator Studies First and Always the Good of the People			
Our Idea of Heaven is a Place where there Are No 'Phones			
The Nestor of Political Leadership	Illustrated		57
A Chat with the Veteran of American Political Life			
Selling Sweetness and Sunshine	Illustrated	P. J. Campbell	59
The New England Industrial Roll of Honor			60
His Monument, the North Pole	Illustrated		62
The Sturdy, Adventuresome Life of Robert E. Peary an Inspiration for American Achievement			
Bing's Bubbles		Ralph Bingham	64
The Door of Opportunity	Illustrated		65
How the Young Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines Are Cared For by the Bureau Established in Chicago by General Leonard Wood			
From Farm Boy to Secretary of Agriculture	Illustrated	C. A. Goss	67
Edwin T. Meredith in His Youth Did Chores on the Home Farm in Iowa			
Putting the "Go" in Chicago	Illustrated		69
Ferdinand W. Peck, a Native-born Pioneer Citizen of Chicago, Who Has Watched It Grow from a Small Village to One of the Foremost Cities in the World.			
Affairs and Folks		The Editor	71
Major General Leonard Wood a Splendid Type of Man and a Presidential Possibility			
Fortune Has Favored Dr. F. L. Thomson in the Texas Oil Fields			
Woman Suffrage Has a Strong Advocate in Mrs. FitzGerald			
"Jerusalem Daily News," Printed in Jerusalem, and in English			
Major R. W. Schroeder's only rival the Man in the Moon			
Otto H. Kahn, One of the Greatest Authorities on Banking and Problems of Taxation			
A Chicago Woman Emphasizes the Need of Economy in the American Home			
Some Useful Information Regarding the Sugar Industry			
A Woman Physician's Achievements in the Recent War—and "There are Others"			
Emory University Honors Man Who Assisted Poor Boys to an Education			
North Carolina Young Woman as County Superintendent of Public Instruction			
The New Texas Wonderland	Illustrated	Everett Lloyd	77
No Stormy Winter Enters Here, and Every Day is a Day of Seed-time and Harvest			
The Depreciation of the Dollar	Illustrated		80
Frank A. Vanderlip Insists that People Must Know the Technical Side of Banking to Understand Why the Value of the Dollar Goes Down			
San Antonio, Where Nature Plays Spendthrift	Illustrated	Everett Lloyd	81
Quaint and Historic City, Internationally Famous as the "World's Playground"			
Rambles in Bookland		Allison Outray	90
The Cleveland Convention		Frances Garside	91
Celebrating the Suffrage Victory	Illustrated		92
VERSE			
A Song for April (from "Heart Throbs")		Robert Loveman	68

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS  
WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President  
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

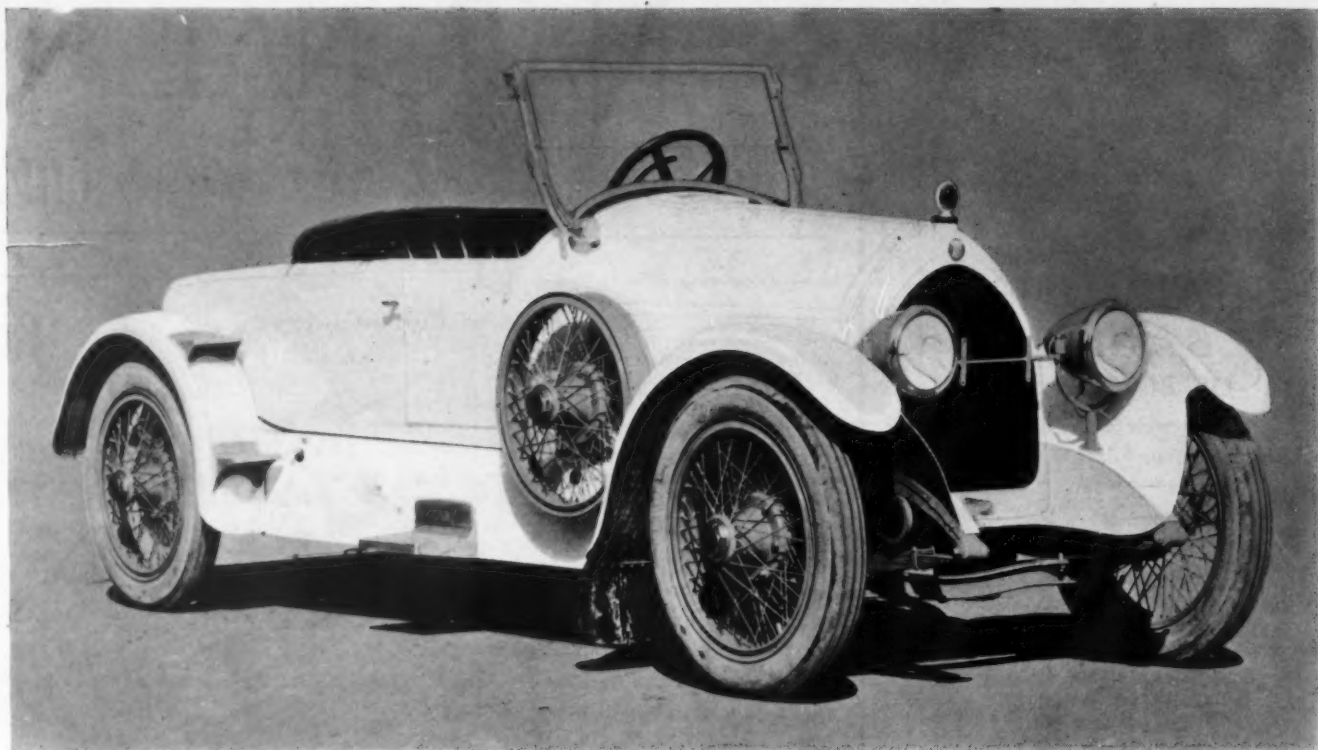
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.40 a Year

20 Cents a Copy

\* A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired  
MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.





*"America's Incomparable Car"*

## The New ReVere

Comprises Everything the Most Critical Motorist Demands

*Unmatchable Appearance*

*Incomparable Comfort*

The ReVere is the most up-to-date car built in America. It embodies all the latest European and American ideas of a strictly high-class car. Our motor is the Duesenberg racing type and develops 103 H.P. and is capable of a speed of about eighty miles per hour

An exclusive car, designed particularly for people who know and demand the best

DUESENBERG RACING TYPE MOTORS USED EXCLUSIVELY IN ALL ReVere CARS

*Descriptive literature upon request*



**ReVere MOTOR SALES COMPANY, Inc.**

Sole distributors of the

**ReVere MOTOR CAR**

110 West 40th Street

New York





# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



HORSES galloped down Pennsylvania Avenue, with cavalymen astride. A United States Senator, fresh from the battledore and shuttlecock struggle on Capitol Hill, pointed toward them, commenting: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse! We may have to look in museums to find the species in a few years to come, but the allegory of the four remains."

Automobiles passing in quick succession honked a mocking response as he continued:

"These horns may herald a new era, but the horse will always be associated with one event in history—secure for all time—for Paul Revere's midnight ride could never be associated with a honking Claxton."

There was a light in the Capitol dome, indicating a night session. It brought to mind a picture of the belfry tower in the old North Church, where hung the lantern, signifying "one if by land and two if by sea." Out of the shadows of the Capitol grounds came the tall, lank form of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. He was walking home, to get a breath of pure air, after a weary day. He had hung the lanterns in the Capitol tower in his fight to preserve American sovereignty and stem the threatened invasion of internationalism that had shown its hoary bloody head in Article X. For long weary months the sturdy descendant of Paul Revere's associates had faced one of the most delicate and trying battles that ever confronted a party leader. With reservationists, mild-reservationists, and reactionists—the three R's in his own party, to say nothing of the Democratic rank, he faced a most crucial situation in American history. Again and again he hung out the warning lights with reservations and re-reservations, with patience and fortitude meeting each subtle phase of the contest for Americanism, with the dauntless spirit of a Paul Revere.

Conference after conference crumbled as far as the time of a decision approached. Down and up the roll calls continued, to no avail. The sixty-fifth Congress was dealing with a question as vital as the Declaration of Independence. Exasperating delays continuing month after month in the discussion of the League of Nations, which clung like a parasite to the Treaty of Peace, Senator Lodge stood firm, four-square for the fundamental principles of the republic, representing Americanism free from the entanglements, without thought of surrender to the swirling impulse that imperilled the flag preserved by Lincoln. Then came the vote of ratification, and the Treaty was sent back to the White House.

*Peace Treaty Likely to be Issue in the Presidential Campaign*

IT has been well said that there are only three forms of government—autocracy, democracy and anarchy. The decision for democracy was made in 1776, and autocratic bolshevism, or imperial anarchy under the cloak of internationalism, will find no favor on the free soil of America.

The approach of the presidential campaign brought out the searchlights, revealing the most wanton display of partisanship by the chief executive of the nation during and after the war that has ever been known in history. An autocratic peace treaty

without right of amendment has never prevailed and never will. The White House and the Senate heard from the people. Cold facts stalk forth. An issue that should never have been made may have to be squarely met in 1920—the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of individual, representative government in the compact on the *Mayflower*. The lure of a League condition that might perpetuate the traditions and conditions of people in countries from which the Pilgrim Fathers fled to the New World in 1620 cannot sway the intrepid spirit of 1920 for the union of sovereign states.

The anniversary month of the battle at Concord Bridge and the drum beats at Lexington would have been appropriate for a final and decisive vote upon a peace treaty ratified that would proclaim America free from the entangling traditions of conquest for other nations as well as for ourselves.

*This Young Woman Knows All About Our New National Beverage*

IN these days of highly developed community life, when the village and suburban dweller is restive unless the conveniences and home appliances are on a parity with his city cousin, perchance you will be introduced to the terms, "Little Landers." It describes a convenient water supply system for a group of families constituting a community of interests, expanding in a most marked degree the idea of the windmill as a source of waterpower for the home.

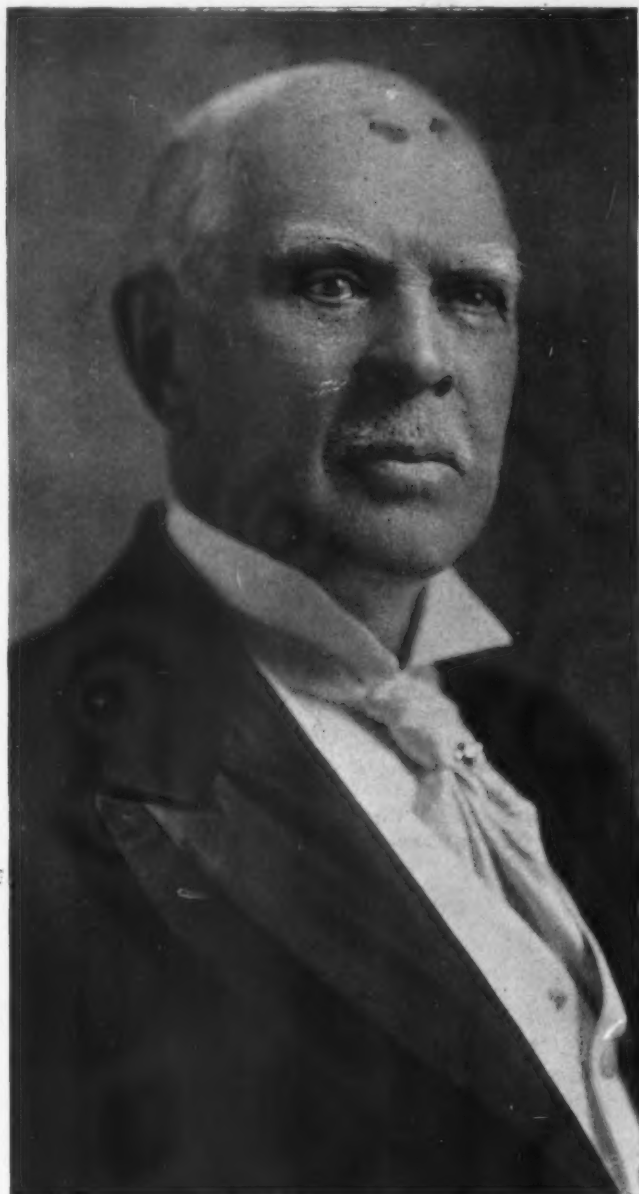
Unwittingly, no doubt, credit for the practical introduction of the plan will be misdirected and the labor-saving plan little



MISS MARGARET D. FOSTER

*The only woman chemist employed by the Department of the Interior*

associated with feminine accomplishment. Hence this story relating to Miss Margaret Foster, the only woman chemist employed by the United States Department of the Interior. She has official status with the Water Resources Laboratory of the



Copyright,  
Harris & Ewing

HON. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

(Republican) Congressman from Ohio, author of the "Sherwood bill,"  
editor, writer, and gallant soldier in the Civil War

United States Geological Survey, and whether you are a resident of Chicago or far-away Virgin Islands (the newly-acquired insular possessions from Denmark), the work of this woman is not remote or foreign in its application.

Note the diversity and unbounded range of the microscopic eye of Miss Foster: She has inventoried all the water systems of Mississippi, the technical study being valuable to industrial enterprises as well as a ready fund of information for the Geological Survey. When the water supply of the Virgin Islands was in a deplorable condition, and the distribution pipes of Port Au Prince, Hayti, were choked with sediment, her analytical studies proved constructive in suggesting and executing remedies.

Born in Chicago in 1895, Miss Foster as the daughter of a circuit rider formed acquaintance with widely varying portions of the United States. She early developed fondness for out-of-door life and her adeptness in horseback riding won for her first honors at a county fair. Her educational equipment was corralled in fragments from practically every modern-day institution—ranging from the one-room rural school to the Illinois College, from which she was graduated. Miss Foster, an even-tempered and kindly gray-eyed girl, perhaps was a bit peeved when her teacher insisted on Latin and manual training as her major studies.

She dissented from the clearly-defined outline of studies,

choosing chemistry as a text and guide to a profession—withal, a life work. With an emphasis on Latin and allied subjects she foresaw the profession of teaching, a calling she loathed to follow. Opportunity banged at her door as she left college walls for enlarged activities. Upon the night of her graduation, she left for Washington to take a position as chemist in the Department of Interior, an assignment vouchsafed for her three days before.

The survey and study of the construction and analysis of the water supply of the United States and insular possessions seem unsurmountable for this girl, weighing only one hundred pounds, and twenty-four years old! The characterization of the chief chemist may be taken literally: "Miss Foster has the head of a gray-haired woman, but the gray is inside the head rather than on top."

*Some Little Pleader for the  
Lost Cause—We'll Say*

GENERAL Isaac R. Sherwood, member of Congress from Ohio, and one of the oldest and most beloved men in the House, received from Toledo during the agitation on national prohibition a "wet" petition, numerous signed, and with the following commentary:

"With this petition I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever inspired the lips of man. This whiskey has been confined within its oaken casks for ten eventful years, awaiting the opportunity to promote the best efforts of human statesmanship.

"It is the most inspiring of any liquid tonic that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes on the brain of man. It is the mingled soul of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine that chases the flowers over the billowy fields.

"Imbibe this whiskey in moderate quantities and you will dream dreams that you never dreamed before. Drink it and you will feel within yourself the sunny dews and the starlit dusks of many happy days.

"As for cold water, it rusts iron and rots leather. Think of taking such a damnable fluid into the human body!"

The General says that during his twenty years in Congress this is the most powerful argument he has ever received against prohibition or any other measure pertaining to the welfare of the nation.

*Americanization and Rehabilitation of Hawaii  
is Urged by Senator John H. Wise*

WHEN Senator Wise, a member of the commission from Hawaii, headed by Governor C. J. McCarthy, brought his scheme of rehabilitation to Congress and conferred with several members of the Senate and House regarding its merits, they politely informed him that he was having a dream. However, after several opportunities to present his plan to the members of the Territorial committees, he was so earnest in his appeal and so strongly supported by Prince Kalaniana'ole, the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, and Representative Henry J. Lyman, that he thoroly convinced them he had a tangible plan that would work toward the good of his people, and save the remnant of his race—which once numbered one hundred and fifty thousand souls and has dropped to a bare twenty-five thousand.

According to Senator Wise, there are in the Islands thousands of acres not under cultivation, but capable of yielding abundantly with some work and care. It is proposed to allow every person to take up a home on such land, with the wooded hills behind him and the sea in front, each homestead to be leased from the government for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years at a rental of one dollar per year. From government lands now under lease to sugar growers and cattle raisers comes a generous revenue, and it is further proposed to set aside thirty per cent of that money for a "revolving fund," out of which the Hawaiian might be loaned enough to construct a small house, buy a cow, a pig or two, and get established on his "farm." This loan could be paid in instalments covering a period of thirty years, and would place only a nominal burden on the natives. If Congress authorizes this experiment, Senator Wise is sure the Hawaiians will turn again to the life of their ancestors, modified and made more pleasant by contact with





Members of the Hawaiian Commission in Washington to secure an amendment to their organic act, obtain better shipping facilities and look toward the rehabilitation of the Hawaiian race. (Left to right) Representatives Henry J. Lyman (the Duke of Kapoho) and William T. Rawlins; Harry Irwin, Attorney General; Governor Charles J. McCarthy, and Senators Robert W. Shingle and John H. Wise

civilization. Representative Albert Johnson of Washington, who was inclined to be skeptical as to whether the Hawaiians would be glad to "go back to the soil," questioned the members of the Hawaiian quintet who furnished the music at a charming concert given by the members of the Hawaiian Commission recently at the Shoreham. As soon as the concert was finished, Representative Johnson rushed up to the boys and said: "Boys, if this scheme of the Senator's goes thru, what would you do?" "Go back home, you bet!" they responded. There are probably one thousand Hawaiians at present scattered over the United States, employed in different capacities, who would be glad to go back to their native land if they could be the possessor of a small farm and raise their own "poi."

"People who think that the grass skirt and ukulele are the two predominant factors in Honolulu are mistaken," asserted Senator Wise. "Honolulu is like any other American city, with churches, theaters, country club, Y. M. C. A., shops, stores, automobiles, hotels, homes, etc.," he went on. "The islands were brought to the attention of the world during the time of the American Revolution by Captain Cook, and named the Sandwich Islands after his patron, the Earl of Sandwich. The following year, 1779, Captain Cook returned to the islands, and was killed in a fight with the natives. The last royal ruler, Queen Liliuokalani, a gifted song writer, and the author of 'Aloha Oe,' was dethroned by revolution in 1894. On July 7, 1898, the islands were annexed to the United States. They became the territory of Hawaii by the Organic act passed by Congress June 14, 1900. The governor is appointed by the President of the United States. Sugar is the crop of first importance in Hawaii, more sugar being produced to the acre than anywhere else in the world. Rice is the second field crop in importance, and the annual exports of pineapples to the United States are valued at \$6,000,000.

One of the most ardent Christian Scientists on the islands is Princess Kalaniana'ole, wife of the delegate to Congress, who has been an earnest Red Cross worker during the war, and is president of the maternity hospital in Honolulu. There are approximately four hundred Mormons on the island, but the

native religion, with its host of gods and goddesses, is most interesting. The deity most feared was the Goddess Pele, the queen of fire. She, traditionally, dwelt in the active crater of Kilauea and showered hot lava down upon all who neglected her. Her five brothers and eight sisters assisted her. Moho had charge of steam, others had control of thunder, explosions, rains of fire, etc. Pele had several priests who exacted tribute to appease the goddess. Animals, fruits, fowls, and, it is said, even human beings were thrown into the crater to avert a threatened overflow of lava. This crater of Kilauea was especially sacred as the shrine of the priests.

"Kahumaism" (spiritualism) in Hawaii has always been believed in. Unlike Sir Oliver Lodge and his demand for proof that the spirit returns, these people see their departed in dreams, which are entirely different from "everyday dreams," and the Hawaiians regard the command or desire of the departed spoken in a dream as most sacred, and would not think of disobeying.

"American school teachers are in great demand in Honolulu and the other large cities in Hawaii," asserted Governor McCarthy. "Since 1820, when the American missionaries first went to Hawaii, the American language has been the only language taught on the islands. Even the native tongue is not taught in the schools, and the last century has seen the transformation of a race of island natives from paganism to a modern, Christian civilization comparing favorably with that of their white brothers on the mainland. This marvelous development is credited in part to the intelligence and unusual adaptability of the Hawaiian native, and in part to the faithful educational work and Christianizing influence of religious teachers of many sects and creeds, who have worked shoulder to shoulder in the common cause of human progress.

Young men and women school teachers who have a longing to travel and take a look at these beautiful islands, need only present a certificate issued by their state, in order to secure a position. The minimum salary is \$1,020, payable in twelve monthly instalments, and a vacation of two months and a half. The first year must be spent teaching on some of the outer





Copyright, Harris &amp; Ewing

BAINBRIDGE COLBY

Former Roosevelt campaign manager. Recently appointed Secretary of State by President Wilson

Islands, but the second year a school can be obtained in Honolulu, where the salaries range from \$100 to \$125 per month for regular teachers, and as high as \$300 for principals or professors in the colleges. The "trial" year spent on an outer island is not so bad, as small bungalows, partly furnished, are allowed each teacher, rent free.

Hawaii has been represented in Congress in Washington for eighteen years by Prince "Cupid" Kalaniana'ole, of Waikiki, district of Honolulu, who was created prince by royal proclamation in 1884.

*Suffrage Injects New Complication Into Presidential Controversy*

**S**TANDING *en thron*g before a picture in the corridor of the Senate at the Capitol, the tense days of the Hayes-Tilden presidential controversy were brought to mind. In the group assembled in this painting were the men who took part in the electoral commission that met a crucial situation. One woman present dreamed of the possibility of a contested

presidential election this year. The introduction of woman suffrage has brought with it complications. The legality of a presidential election may again be challenged. This suggested the idea of meeting the problem before, rather than after election—meeting the issue calmly on a legal basis. The figures in that group seem to move with even the suggestion of another Hayes-Tilden controversy precipitated.

Miss Kilbreth has pointed out the three-fold menace which involves the possibility of an illegal presidential election. She insists she is not prompted by an argument against woman suffrage, but cites the fact that the Ohio ratification of the federal amendment for woman suffrage is now pending. The validity of the process is sustained by the Supreme Court of that state. If the Supreme Court of the United States concurs in this decision, Ohio will have to be withdrawn from the list of ratifying states until after the referendum is taken next November. The state sovereignty issue has presented itself in Maryland. In four states where women are to vote on the presidential ticket, the state constitution affords a basis for challenging the validity of their vote.

*New Secretary of State Has Ambition to Write Detective Fiction*

**T**HE appointment of Bainbridge Colby by the President to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Lansing as Secretary of State has caused a furore of comment and speculation in official circles. To the political layman familiar with the more outstanding facts of Mr. Colby's somewhat spectacular political career, there would appear at first glance any number of perfectly cogent reasons why the President should not select him for that important post—but scarcely any apparent reason why he should.

Bainbridge Colby is distinctively an individualist—an insurgent of insurgents. He is by way of being a very brilliant man, and original almost to the point of being erratic. Like all men of strikingly brilliant mentality, he has a well developed penchant for going his own gait. He will not submit to being led, and chafes even at any suggestion of being guided. His brain is sufficiently developed to enable him to do his own thinking and to form his own conclusions upon any subject with which he may be engaged. It is difficult to believe that his "mind would go along" with any man's—even the President's—unless that man's mind followed the same channels as his own.

Then, too, he is a political chameleon. His first affiliation was with the Republican party, and until the famous Bull Moose convention in 1912, he had always remained a Republican. He was actively identified with the candidacy of Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for president in that year, and was in charge of contests to seat the Roosevelt delegates in the Chicago convention. When Colonel Roosevelt bolted the convention, Mr. Colby helped to found the Progressive party, in which he remained an active leader until the last presidential campaign, when he transferred his support to the candidacy of Mr. Wilson, declaring that Colonel Roosevelt, in backing Hughes, had broken his pledges to the Progressives. In 1914 and again in 1916 he was a Progressive candidate for Senator from the state of New York. He became an office holder under the Wilson administration in 1917, when he was appointed as a member of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was rumored at the time of his retirement from the Shipping Board more than a year ago that the reason for his resignation lay in the matter of difference of opinion between himself and Chairman Hurley. Mr. Colby at the time, denied a report to that effect, alleging that a desire to return to private business interests was his only motive.

Mr. Colby's appointment to the portfolio of state is hardly calculated to further the cause of political harmony. Quite naturally it may be presumed that the Democratic members of Congress will look askance upon the appointment of a "renegade" Republican to this important post, while Republicans generally will consider Mr. Colby's preferment as a deliberate "slap," intended for their complete discomfiture.

In one respect, however, it is undeniable that Mr. Colby possesses a qualification that should commend him to the President's distinguished consideration: He has a genius for

felicitous expression that may well argue a greater literary distinction in our state papers than has for some time previously been observable.

When you are with Bainbridge Colby you feel that he radiates radio waves of enthusiasm. I have seen him despatch business in his law office, handle a political campaign, and navigate the Federal Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation, and he is always Bainbridge Colby, whether in office or running for office. His great ambition was to be the author of a detective story, but he may be content with a cabinet position for a while until the lure of "Stealthy Steve" gets him again.

*Representative from Montana a Farmer as Well as a Politician*

PIONEER days, however remote and fanciful to the average person, will always remain America's offering of opportunity, so long as the last best West remains. There is a man, now very much in the public eye, who nine years ago, after making good in his own home town and in his native state of Indiana, elected to burn his bridges and become a pioneer in the great state of Montana. This man is Carl W. Riddick, member of Congress from Montana, and circulation pusher of the *National Republican Weekly*. Mr. Riddick's career is interesting, original and inspiring.

His father was a Methodist minister, which insured a fair educational start for the boy. He learned the printer's trade while he was attending college, and after graduating connected himself with an Indiana newspaper, became its publisher, and attracted the attention of the entire state by his editorials, which were both masterful and vigorously Republican. His talent could not be hid under a bushel. His brilliancy radiated into the inner circle of the Indiana Republican state committee. One day he received a telephone message from State Chairman Goodrich requesting him to come immediately to Indianapolis, as he had been selected as secretary of the state committee.

A protest from Mr. Riddick was brushed aside. He was firmly told that his election to the secretaryship amounted to a command from the party, and that it was expected that he take up his duties. He accepted and proved a "whirlwind" in the job. Fascinated with the political game, he worked night and day in two campaigns for Republican success. He made such a fine record that the Republican leaders, anxious to give him deserved recognition, began figuring on what reward he should have.

He was offered a splendid Federal appointment, but all his life the idea of being a farmer had thrilled him, and fortified with the enthusiasm of his family, Mrs. Riddick and two sons, thirteen and fourteen years old, he decided that the lure of the simple life was calling them. So they went to Montana as homesteaders and took up the government six hundred and forty acres of land. To obtain this land they had to live upon it five years.

Carl Riddick started on his homesteading with just \$2,000 as his total cash resources, an appallingly small sum with which to start farming. However, the land was taken up and the ranch started. In a year or two the railroad came along. The Riddicks took a contract for grading and earned enough to build a barn and send the two boys to the University. In 1914 the eternal question of tax discrimination came up in the county. Wealthy non-resident land owners were dodging the tax and putting it on the homesteaders. Farmer Riddick grasped the situation. There was a wrong to right. It had to be done by the ballot and it had to be done thru a political party, and that party, the Republican party. Mr. Riddick was proposed for nomination for County Assessor. He jumped into the arena with his oldtime Indiana vigor. The betting was ten to one against him. But he won with a plurality of ninety-nine, and only one other Republican candidate pulled thru, Fergus County being Democratic by a good majority. So there he was as deep in politics on his ranch in far-a-way Montana as ever he had been in Indiana, and indeed much more so, for he became known as the farmer who reduced the taxes, and twenty-six other counties of his district, which is the largest in the United States, sent him to Washington as a member of Congress, one of the few working farmers elected.



HON. CARL W. RIDDICK

*Member of Congress from Montana, farmer, and circulation manager of the "National Republican Weekly"*

The story of the Red Cross yarn is worth telling as it illustrates the difference between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer. The Red Cross paid \$4.50 per pound for yarn, the Montana rancher receiving fifty cents per pound. The business men and Mr. Riddick became interested, sent the wool direct from the ranch to the mill, and the yarn came back to the Red Cross at \$1.49 per pound.

The notable quality in Mr. Riddick's work and career is that he gets tangible and lively results. He has been called to the staff of the *National Republican* to push its distribution. Already he has challenged the attention of men and women voters in every part of the Union who appreciate the information sent out thru the columns of the paper. He looks upon Will H. Hays, National Republican chairman, as the most popular and efficient chairman the party has ever had in all its history, voicing the opinion of every committeeman working with Mr. Hays. He regards the *National Republican* as a paper of tremendous influence and wonderful national service. With him, the boosting is a labor of love and he is inspired by the undeveloped possibilities before it, in the information and enlightenment it gives to the American people. Mr. Riddick is on the Agriculture Committee of the House and is a live wire who knows the farmers' needs. He had two sons in the army, and these, with two young daughters and Mrs. Riddick compose





HON. JAMES D. PHELAN  
*Senior United States Senator for the state of California*

his family. It is quite possible to predict greater things for Congressman Riddick because of his honest qualities and sterling ability.

*California Senator Studies First and Always  
 the Good of the People*

SENATOR James D. Phelan was elected Mayor of the city of San Francisco at the age of thirty-five, having been chosen by groups of citizens looking for good government, and was three times elected, each time by an increasing majority. During his administration as Mayor, he gave to the city its first charter, and helped rid the city of much of the corruption with which it was infected. Soon after he retired actively from political life, always, however, maintaining a keen interest in civic and governmental affairs. At the time of the fire, which devastated San Francisco in April, 1906, Mr. Phelan, a Democrat, was selected by Theodore Roosevelt, then President, to administer the funds which were sent to the stricken city from every corner of the earth, and which amounted to ten million dollars. This Mr. Phelan did, accounting in a report which was later certified by public accountants, specifying in detail expenditure of the entire fund for relief of his fellow citizens.

At this same time, when the city lay in ruins, and when it was found that the municipal government was again in the

throes of a corrupt reign, Mr. Phelan, together with Rudolph Spreckels, financed the prosecution of this gang and again cleaned the city of its corrupt influences. When President Wilson was elected in 1912, he offered Mr. Phelan the Ambassadorship to Vienna, which he declined, saying at the time that he desired to submit his name to the voters of California in connection with the first direct election of United States Senators in that state, and his decision was later justified because he was consequently elected to the United States Senate by a plurality of about thirty thousand votes, carrying thirty-nine out of the fifty-eight counties in the state.

While a Senator-elect Mr. Phelan was asked by the President to investigate the fitness of Minister Sullivan, minister plenipotentiary of this country to the Dominican Republic, and prior to that was named by the President to personally present the President's invitation to the crowned heads of Europe to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915.

He has long been an ardent opponent of Japanese immigration in California, and is the author of a proposed amendment to the Constitution which would deny citizenship to children born on the soil whose parents are ineligible to citizenship. This would deny the rights of citizenship to Japanese children born in the United States. As "citizens" they will in a few years control the territorial government of Hawaii, and as "citizens" they are now taking land in their names in evasion of the state law of California.

In 1913 Senator Phelan on returning from Washington, and while passing thru the state capital, Sacramento, was met at the train by a delegation of directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, who told him there was some legislation pending before the Legislature which was about to be passed denying the ownership of land in California to persons ineligible to citizenship. Being directly aimed at the Japanese, the delegation argued that its enactment into law would result in the withdrawal by Japan as a participant in the Exposition. They asked Senator Phelan if he would leave the train and appear before the Senate committee that night in opposition to the bill. He told the committee in no uncertain terms that while the Exposition would be in California for only a year, the white population would be there forever, he hoped, and if he left the train it would be to urge favorable action upon the pending legislation. He continued to San Francisco, but returned the following day to plead for the enactment of the legislation which subsequently was passed.

*Our Idea of Heaven is a Place Where  
 There are no 'Phones*

THE times seemed "out of joint that day," as Hamlet would say it. I missed every street car connection; trains were late; the sun did not shine and the slush under foot seemed to reflect a frown in the face of every passerby. The people at the station and in every corner were gravitating toward telephone booths. "Line busy" expressions followed exit. Everyone seemed to want to telephone that day. I happened to catch a glimpse of an elderly man smiling. I approached and made bold to challenge "Why are you smiling?"

"At you," he replied, "you and all the other species with that hurried, harried wish-I-could-get-a-number from—"

"But why—"

"It's a telephitis epidemic we're having today. Everyone seems to have forgotten something—and forgetfulness swells telephone tolls. Then, too, it's a gray, gloomy day overhead and people are lonesome and just call up—and call up—they don't know what for, but it brings the chime of a nickel and a prospect—a prospect, I said—of hearing a friendly voice, if you get by the rasping tones of Central trying to talk to seven people at one time. In the old days there were women who loved to talk—too much; but along came the telephone and absorbed the species. A telephone operator ought to make a quiet, demure wife—if she can overcome the talk habit. The time of waiting one day at telephone booths for comparatively useless calls, occasioned by laziness and carelessness, would be time enough utilized in the sunny days of spring and summer to produce enough food for at least one hundred thousand.



# The Nestor of Political Leadership

*Political activities of William Jennings Bryan foreshadowing events that lead to Constitutional Amendments—A chat with the veteran of American political life*



THE political horoscope reveals William Jennings Bryan as the veteran leader in public life today. Two years before Roosevelt was Governor of New York, four years before he was even Vice-President; twelve years before Taft was President; sixteen years before Woodrow Wilson made the race, and twenty years before Hughes entered the presidential list, William Jennings Bryan was a national leader and in 1896 a candidate for the presidency of the United States. There is no one personality in the history of the country that stands out more clearly and strongly in personal leadership than William Jennings Bryan. Today he is younger in years than all the presidential candidates who came afterwards, except Hughes. In the full flush of his thirty-six years, William Jennings Bryan enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest candidate for President. His public career began in Congress in 1890, and it is said that even in his early years he begun discussion of public questions with people and has kept at it ever since.

As I sat with him at his winter home, "Villa Serena," at Miami, Florida, I thought of those days in Chicago when he lead the Nebraska delegation in the convention hall and made his classic address that set ablaze his leadership and influence in national campaigns. It has never dimmed in the councils of his party. The visit inspired a retrospect of political history. Many important events in history have been recorded since William Jennings Bryan entered public life. Many of the things he has advocated amid jibes and jeers have become the statute law of the land. Enumerated they reveal a fascinating evolution of political events. First, Tariff Reform; second, Election of Senators by the People; third, Silver; fourth, Income Tax; fifth, Campaign Against Imperialism, with the Promise of Independence of the Philippines; sixth, Anti-trust Legislation; seventh, Eight-hour Labor Day; eighth, Currency Reform; ninth, Prohibition; tenth, Woman Suffrage; eleventh, Initiative and Referendum.

In the Currency bill Mr. Bryan was alone responsible for the important and vital feature of the measure which provided for the issue of government instead of bank notes, returning to the government its sovereign right to issue paper money.

Three of the great constitutional amendments made in these eventful years were incorporated in the program of William Jennings Bryan. First, Election of Senators by the People, second, Income Tax; third, Prohibition. The two more that he expects to see incorporated in the constitutional amendments during his lifetime are the Suffrage Bill, almost here, and Initiative and Referendum, on which he is training his guns for coming political battles. All this has been accomplished without the usual process of political backing or the support of large corporation interests. He launched his career without official influence or a hereditary name of national fame.

When credited with having contributed largely to these reforms he insisted upon saying: "No, it is the ideals that have won and not I. The ideals have given me what strength I possessed. Movements are not strong because of individuals, but individuals because of ideals." As he said this his lips closed firmly showing that dominant quality—determination.

Three times William Jennings Bryan has made the race for president, and has been a powerful influence in every convention of the Democratic party since he entered public life. While the reactionaries in his party have charged Mr. Bryan with leading the party to defeat, they forget that in 1896, 1900, and 1908, he polled over a million votes more than President Cleveland when he was elected president in 1892. In 1900 and 1908 he polled a million and a quarter more votes than Mr. Parker in 1904—but the startling revelation is that in all the three campaigns which he made, he polled more votes than Woodrow Wilson, elected President in 1912, whose nomination

he made possible at the Baltimore convention.

Viewing his career as a Cabinet officer, he has the record of having negotiated more treaties than any other Secretary of State in the same length of time in the history of the nation. There were thirty treaties negotiated and signed by him, and these embodied his great plan of having all causes of war investigated before resorting to

arms. On September 15, 1914, the representatives of nine hundred million people, one-half the population of the world, gathered at his desk in Washington and joined in signing treaties, which was between the contracting parties a remote possibility. His Peace Treaty plan as he negotiated is regarded as one of the most important provisions of the League of Nations. It is the one thing in which there is no disagreement or contention, and this was the dominant idea embodied in Mr. Bryan's unparalleled collection of treaties.

In public or private life William Jennings Bryan continues on his way without a press bureau or personal plans for running for office. Without employing the usual methods in political propaganda or holding office, his leadership remains unchallenged as a vital force in party deliberations. There are millions of people ready to hear from the Nestor of American political life whenever he has a statement to make.

When I asked him what name or distinction in American history he would appreciate most, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Governmental Machinist."

"I have always felt," he continued, "that the Government is a good deal like any other machine—it needs adjustment and changes to meet conditions, but principles are eternal."

Continuing he narrowed his eyes, and viewed the fronded palms in front of us: "I have personally criticized few public men in my utterances or writing, but when a public man gets in the way of an idea, I am ready for the fray. I first opposed Mr. Cleveland in my own party. I opposed Mr. Parker in the campaign for the nomination—the election which followed was one of the most disastrous defeats our party ever met. I opposed Mr. Harmon and Underwood in 1912. I opposed Tammany and Wall Street domination which I felt imperilled the party. Even the interests that opposed him have now come to realize that he is needed to protect them from the indignation of the people, aroused by acts of usurping their rights, more than he needs them for his own political advancement. As Mr. Bryan quietly remarked, toying a stub lead pencil, "I am not trying to recover stolen property. I am simply trying to prevent wrongdoing, and in this I believe I am stemming the tide of radicalism, because after me may come—the extremist."

In his latest address "Obstructions to Progress" Mr. Bryan has used a startling and most impressive illustration, representing Civilization as a swift running river, and the higher the dam, the higher rises public sentiment against the obstructions. His passionate address in Boston at the City Club, recalled the early-day speeches when he aroused public sentiment to the point of removing many of the obstructions to progress, and letting the rivers of civilization run free without the damning dams that threaten the rights of the people.

Other public men have used the prestige of office to accomplish their reforms and ideals and many have been in office continuously during their public career. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Calhoun, and other men in history similar in temperament to Mr. Bryan were powerful wearing the official halo. They held public office when dealing with public questions, but Mr. Bryan has gone on, in office or out of office, with the work that absorbed his life energies, never depending upon mere official power to win for his principles.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN  
From his latest and favorite photograph

Mr. Bryan regards the prohibition question as closed, for prohibition is now in the Constitution. The adoption of the amendment by more than three-fourths of the states and the decisions of the Supreme Court supporting the law at every step would seem to make it as final as the abolition of slavery. Opposing prohibition is simply lawlessness, the same as opposition, to any other law. A President elected on a wet platform, pledged in advance to oppose prohibition is pledged to violate his oath of office to support the Constitution and the law of the land. Mr. Bryan did not regard a pledged candidate of the "wets" or liquor interests as a legitimate candidate for the presidency any more than a representative of the burglars, pickpockets or firebugs would be in leading a campaign and making a political issue of violation of the Constitution.

In his Miami home, located in a sequestered woods far up Brickell Drive, Mr. Bryan continued his usual activities during the winter. He had a Sunday school class, sometimes attended by fifteen people. He speaks frequently and never lacks a large audience whenever he appears. He says, "I feel

the greatest privilege of an American is to discuss public matters with fellow citizens." Mrs. Bryan also had a class on Sunday, and the helpmate partnership of those early days continues on. Mr. Bryan insisted that he did not know of any other person to whose judgment he would defer more than Mrs. Bryan's. This was the sweet and honest tribute of a devoted husband. Mrs. Bryan was then seated at a desk with a typewriter near at hand, indicating that she was keeping in close touch with the varied activities of her husband.

Some years ago, Mr. Bryan's cousin, Governor Jennings of Florida, helped him to select some land at Miami. With their own hands Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have helped to build up their beautiful home in the South. Located on a picturesque spot fanned by waving palms it is a haven for rest. But-tressed in the coral reef the shore line is festooned with rich tropical foliage of varied hue. The trees, flowers, and shrubs seem to sing of the glories of nature in this spot. Here Mr. Bryan continues his work as ardently as if in his office at Lincoln. Telegrams were then coming from all parts of the country from his admirers and friends, renewing the pledge of their loyalty to his ideas and leadership and even suggesting his nomination for another race for the presidency. The house, simple and unpretentious, with its artistic court yard has the atmosphere of home life. Here was a royal palm grown to great stature in seven years. Every species of palms was represented in the grounds. There was foliage suggestive of the temperate North blending with the luxurious leafage of the tropics. On the bay the water view, with an island directly in front, seemed to focus the vision on a scene ever changing but restful. The languor of the tropics was absent, for in this home Bryan activities were continued at the lively tempo characteristic of Mr. Bryan's career. On the walls in his home were the mementos of travels far and wide when Mr. and Mrs. Bryan made their trip around the world.

Having met and mingled with kings and emperors and the leaders of many nations, Mr. Bryan's life and ambition centered in the problems of governmental machinery as it relates to the people, protecting and carrying out definitely and concretely the purposes of a government by the people. A cosmopolite indeed, for there is scarcely a city in any state that has not heard the clarion notes of Mr. Bryan's voice. Almost every town, village and hamlet has had Bryan as a speaking visitor. His leadership has been a spoken eye-to-eye and word of mouth leadership. While others have planned political campaigns with tons of literature distributed and circuited within the cloister of four office walls, William Jennings Bryan has looked into the faces of the people. He insists that from them he has drawn the inspiration for his hopes and ideas in the adjustment of governmental machinery.

In searching carefully thru the biographies of famous men of our country, it is difficult to find a personality in public leadership who is a counterpart to William Jennings Bryan. When he hung out his shingle to practice law, he found in the study of law how much was needed to rectify the law as it applied to modern needs and government. Then and there he concentrated himself to a life work as a publicist, unconscious at first, but more conscious as the work proceeded. As he insisted, "When I started, I had no idea of entering public life so early, except possibly that I might serve for a term or two in Congress." The experience in Congress and the political situation as presented in 1896 led him on to his life work in pushing forward ideas rather than his own candidacy. When I met him in Chicago, after the Republican Convention adjourned in 1912, a gleam in his eyes indicated something was going to happen to the slate that proclaimed Alton Parker chairman, and things did happen—the nomination of Woodrow Wilson resulted.

Whatever may be said about Mr. Bryan politically, none can gainsay his clean-handed, highminded, conscientious, Christian character and manhood. Unswerving in his principles, he has held the confidences of a large following thru the ups and downs of a political career and has always "come back." The consistency and purity of his personal life has always held for him a legion of devoted admirers. The history of these stirring times cannot be written without taking cognizance of the activities and achievements of William Jennings Bryan.



# Selling Sweetness and Sunshine

By P. J. CAMPBELL



BORN on St. Patrick's day, with a smile, Patrick R. Mahaney has dealt in sunshine and sweetness all his life, with phenomenal success. In the smokiest city west of Pittsburg, he has scattered sunshine and sold candy with such skill and diligence that in a few years he has graduated from a street corner popcorn stand to a chain of confectionery stores, covering his native town, Terre Haute, Indiana, with branches in Richmond, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky.

Everybody in Terre Haute knows "Patsy," as he prefers to be called. In fact you can't remain long in the metropolis of the Wabash Valley without knowing him. The genial sunshine merchant is a vital part of the life of the town, and somehow or somewhere you are bound to encounter him. You may be walking down the street when your attention is attracted to a group of citizens gathered about a distinguished looking gentleman, dressed like an English lord, whose ready wit and fluent tongue have charmed and fascinated his hearers. If you manifest curiosity or interest, some obliging Hoosier will volunteer the information: "That's Patsy!" Or perhaps you are buying stamps in the post office, when a lusty noted Swiss yodler stirs the cobwebs on the ceiling, and you look around to see a genial Irishman in a checkered suit and brown derby buying war stamps and coaxing the girl behind the wicket to stick them in his book for him, and somebody at your elbow remarks—"Patsy's back from California!"

Across from the interurban station is the "In and Out" store where Patsy has his office and where Mrs. Patsy presides over the daylight candy kitchen, with its yards of plate glass windows and rows of bright copper kettles; its tables laden with sweetmeats and its busy, white clad workers. Under the big sign across the front of the building which proclaims "Patsy's Candy Shop," is the characteristic Hoosierism: "Patsy sez his milkman keeps a cow." Inside the store on the walls over the glass cases filled with the "U-kno" brand, are such philosophic orphics as: "You can always tell what a man has not, by what he most admires"; "Patsy sez, it's all right to save a dollar for a rainy day, but don't think every day will be rainy"; "When sowing wild oats young men should be careful not to mix old rye with them"; "Some folks spend enough crying over spilled milk to buy a cow"; "I would have been a self-made man if I hadn't been interrupted"; "Patsy sez, I wish they would abolish prohibitionists and drunkenness."

Patsy began his business career as a news agent on trains, and his first ambition was to be a railroad man. The lure of the footlights, however, distracted him from this goal, and at the age of twenty-one he joined J. Moy Bennett's stock company and made a tour of the South. As an actor Patsy was not a success, and he came back to Terre Haute penniless to work in a restaurant where the verbal embellishments he gave the "bill of fare" when repeating it to patrons, became the feature of the place. The spirit of restlessness and the "call of higher things" finally caused him to break his apron strings one Saturday evening and quit the restaurant business with his accumulated savings which amounted to fifty cents. He embarked on a freight train in the Vandalia yards and arrived in Indianapolis the next morning, somewhat poorer, having expended half of his money in allaying conscientious scruples of a brakeman.

After a ten-cent breakfast he strolled forth into the early Sunday morning stillness of the Hoosier capital and met an old friend of his news agent days. This friend persuaded him



"PATSY" MAHANEY

*This is the smile upon which an Irish newsboy has built a flourishing business in Terre Haute, Indiana, starting with a popcorn stand and ending with a chain of confectionery stores*

to invest the remaining fifteen cents of his fortune in an excursion ticket speculation scheme, which made good, and the pair peddled song books and souvenirs at many street fairs and carnivals until one day, at Connersville, Indiana, Patsy's attention was attracted by a village-blacksmith-sort-of-person, clad in calico and blue jeans, who was making a popcorn confection which he called "Cracker-Jack." He was at once struck by the commercial possibilities of this new sweet. Dissolving partnership with his news agent friend, he hired out to the originator of Cracker-Jack, and they made the circuit of the carnivals, street fairs, county fairs. (Continued on page 89)



# The New England Industrial Roll of Honor



MEMORIES of those stirring days in the Toul sector were recalled when I saw General Edwards presenting the various manufacturers and business men of New England with citations awarded them by the War Department for their services during the war. This occasion was a reflection of the splendid spirit of America during the war, and revealed the real soul and high purpose of business when the emergency arises. There were many presidents and representatives of these organizations present. They were keen-faced men, diligent in business and keen in competition, but there was a happy glow in their faces on this occasion that no large order or profit could inspire. It proved that there is something to business outside of mere profits, for there was not a firm cited that did not glory in the sacrifice they had made during the war. When people come to understand that every man who has the American spirit is equally inspired with the ideals of his country, we will be more ready to be tolerant in judging men.

As General Edwards stood before them in all the impressive dignity of his military bearing, we did not wonder that every soldier in the 26th Division loved their commander. Here was indicated the same appreciation and admiration from the business men and manufacturers, many of whom had sons in the service, and thru these sons they knew the commander of the Division of "heart and guts." Few men have a more happy faculty of expressing themselves in terse and practical phrase than General Edwards. With all the stirring surety of army life, Clarence R. Edwards is first of all a great, big-hearted,

generous, broad-minded citizen of America. Well may the firms treasure in their archives these citations and certificates of service to their country presented by the U. S. A. It is something that money cannot buy. It not only indicates service, but it indicates the quality and character of their institution. The fact may not appear on their balance sheet as assets, but when people know that here was a firm that stood four-square to the wind during those dark and trying days of war, the value of this recognition by their country cannot be computed in dollars and cents. The list covers industrial New England from the southwest corner of Connecticut to the top of Maine, and from the border of Vermont to the tip of Cape Cod. The list of manufacturers represents a roster that has preserved inviolate the traditions of the New England forefathers. No wonder the little section of land known as New England has made its impress not only upon this country, but the world, with its history of push and purpose, and the ideals back of the products of the factories speak as well. This spirit of integrity, characteristic of New England since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, is something that furnishes an inspiration for the future. Thoughts along this line were alluded to by General Edwards in his remarks to the men who met face to face the man who commanded men in battle. They received their citations with the same deep appreciation of some of their sons who had been decorated for facing death on the field of battle. That little bit of ribbon or citation, eloquently tells a story that words cannot express. The Roll of Honor of New England manufacturers is as follows:

Acme White Lead & Color Works, 266 Border St., E. Boston, Mass.  
Allen Fire Department Supply Co., Providence, R. I.

American Brass Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
American Chain Co., Bridgeport, Conn.  
American Crayon Co., Waltham, Mass.  
American Mills Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
American Pin Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
American Screw Co., Providence, R. I.  
American Steam Gauge & Valve Co., 208 Camden St., Boston, Mass.  
American Thread Co., Willimantic, Conn.  
American Woolen Co., 245 State St., Boston, Mass.  
Amoskeag Mfg. Co., Manchester, N. H.  
The Albert & J. M. Anderson Mfg. Co., 289 A St., Boston, Mass.  
Ansonia O. & C. Co., Ansonia, Conn.  
Armour Leather Co., 242 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.  
Arrow Electric Co., Hartford, Conn.  
Ashland Knitting Co., Ashland, N. H.  
Atwood & Morrill Co., Salem, Mass.  
Austin & Eddy, 115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.  
Automatic Refrigerating Co., Hartford, Conn.

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co., 34 Portland St., Boston, Mass.  
Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.  
Barber Electric Mfg. Co., No. Attleboro, Mass.  
James Barrett Mfg. Co., 115 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
Barstow Stove Co., Providence, R. I.  
Berlin Brick Co., Berlin, Conn.  
Berkshire Hills Co., Great Barrington, Mass.  
A. J. Bird Co., Rockland, Me.  
Bird & Son, East Walpole, Mass.  
Birmingham Iron Foundry Co., Derby, Conn.  
Harold L. Bond Co., 383 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.  
Boston Plate & Window Glass Co., 261 A St., Boston, Mass.  
Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Bourne Mill, Fall River, Mass.  
Geo. E. Boyden & Sons, Providence, R. I.  
Bristol Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
Brockton Last Co., Brockton, Mass.  
Brooks Brick Co., Bangor, Me.  
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.  
Brown-Wales Co., Fargo & Edmont Sts., So. Boston, Mass.  
Edward Bryant Co., 23 Central St., Charlestown, Mass.  
Bryant Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.  
Buffalo Iron Foundry Co., Providence, R. I.  
Bullard Engineering Works, Bridgeport, Conn.  
E. T. Burrows Co., Portland, Me.  
Butterfield & Co., Inc., Derby Line, Vt.

Samuel Cabot Co., 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.  
Campbell Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.  
John Carbo, Kensington, Conn.  
Carr Fastener Co., Cambridge, Mass.  
William Carter Co., Springfield, Mass.  
C. C. C. Fire Hose Co., Canton Junction, Mass.  
Central Supply Co., Worcester, Mass.  
Chandler & Barber Co., 122 Summer St., Boston, Mass.  
Chandler & Farquhar, 32 Federal St., Boston, Mass.  
Chapman Valve Co., Indian Orchard, Mass.  
Charter Oak Brick Co., Hartford, Conn.  
L. C. Chase Co., Watertown, Mass.  
Chase Metal Works, Waterbury, Conn.  
Chase, Parker & Co., Boston  
A. W. Chesterton Co., 64 India St., Boston, Mass.  
R. C. Clark & Sons Brick Co., E. Berlin, Conn.  
George Close Co., Cambridge, Mass.  
Coburn Trolley Track Mfg. Co., Holyoke, Mass.  
Coffin Valve Co., Neponset, Mass.  
Colonial Can Co., 120 Milk St., Boston, Mass.  
Colts Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.  
Combination Ladder Co., Providence, R. I.  
Conant, Houghton & Co., Littleton, Mass.  
Condit Electrical Mfg. Co., 838 Summer, cor. E. First St., So. Boston, Mass.

Conn. Brick Co., New Britain, Conn.  
Conn. Tel. & Elec. Co., Meriden, Conn.  
Contocook Mills Corp., 78 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.  
E. L. Cook, State Farms, Mass.  
B. A. Corbin & Son Co., Marlboro and Webster, Mass.  
P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.  
Corbin Cabinet Lock Co., New Britain, Conn.  
Corbin Screw Corporation, New Britain, Conn.  
Cousens & Pratt, 274 Summer St., Boston, Mass.  
Cox Confectionery Co., 142 Orleans St., E. Boston, Mass.  
C. & P. Electric Works, Springfield, Mass.  
J. A. Creighton Co., Thomaston, Me.  
Curtis & Curtis Co., Bridgeport, Conn.  
Cutter & Wood Supply Co., 68 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

Daly Plumbing Supply Co., 93 Cummings St., Roxbury, Mass.  
W. E. Davis, New Haven, Conn.  
H. F. & F. J. Dawley, Norwich, Conn.  
Dexter Bros., 105 Broad St., Boston, Mass.  
Dodge, Haley Co., 212 High St., Boston, Mass.  
W. & B. Douglas Co., Middletown, Conn.  
The Draper-Maynard Co., Plymouth, N. H.  
The G. Drouve Co., Bridgeport, Conn.  
Dutton Lbr. Corp., A. C., Springfield, Mass.

Eastern Brick Co., E. Berlin, Conn.  
Eastern Clay Goods Co., 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.  
East Bridgewater Brick Co., Westdale, Mass.  
E. Windsor Hill Brick Co., E. Windsor Hill, Conn.  
Economy Automatic Damper Co., 294 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
Edson Mfg. Co., 255 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.  
Ensing-Bickford Co., Simsbury, Conn.  
Everett Knitting Works, Lebanon, N. H.  
Everlastik, Inc., 52 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.  
Exeter Brass Works, Exeter, N. H.  
Farnum, Frank S., Brockton, Mass.

Fiske & Co., 25 Arch St., Boston, Mass.  
 Fitz Dana Co., 110 North St., Boston, Mass.  
 The Flintkote Co., 88 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
 Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.  
 Foxboro Co., Foxboro, Mass.  
 Fulford Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Gallaudet Aircraft Corp., Lockport, R. I.  
 Gamewell Fire Alarm Telegraph Co., Newton  
 Upper Falls, Mass.  
 Matthew Gault, Worcester, Mass.  
 General Fire Extinguisher Co., Providence, R. I.  
 General Radio Co., Cambridge, Mass.  
 General Sheet Metal Works, Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Gilbert & Barker Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.  
 Gillette Safety Razor Co., 41 W. First St., So.  
 Boston, Mass.  
 W. S. Goodrich, Epping, N. H.  
 Gorham Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.  
 Jos. E. Greene, 111 Federal St., Boston, Mass.  
 Gurney Heater Co., 188 Franklin, cor. Pearl St.,  
 Boston, Mass.

The Hart & Cooley Co., New Britain, Conn.  
 Hart & Hengemann Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.  
 Hart Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.  
 Harvey Hubbell, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.  
 Haverhill Box Board Co., Haverhill, Mass.  
 Haydenville Co., Haydenville, Mass.  
 Hazard Lead Works, Hazardville, Conn.  
 Hendee Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.  
 Herman Shoe Co., Joseph M., Millis, Mass.  
 Hersey Mfg. Co., 314 W. Second, cor. E, So.  
 Boston, Mass.  
 Hewes & Potter, 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.  
 Holtzer Cabot Electric Co., 125 Amory St.,  
 Roxbury, Mass.  
 Hope Webbing Co., Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Household Granite Tub Co., New Haven, Conn.  
 The Howe Scale Co., Rutland, Vt.

Ideal Coated Paper Co., Brookfield, Mass.

The Joslin Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Keith Co., George E., Brockton, Mass.  
 Kile & Morgan Co., Providence, R. I.

Lamb & Nash Co., 131 State St., Boston, Mass.  
 Lamson Co., 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
 Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.  
 Lawrence & Co., 89 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.  
 Lawrence Pump & Engine Co., Lawrence, Mass.  
 Lewis Electric Supply Co., 121 Federal St., Bos-  
 ton, Mass.  
 Lewis Mfg. Co., Walpole, Mass.  
 Liberty-Durgin, Inc., Haverhill, Mass.  
 A. E. Little Co., Lynn, Mass.  
 Lincoln Webbing Co., Campello, Mass.  
 Lockwood Mfg. Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.  
 Locomobile Co., Bridgeport, Conn.  
 R. H. Long Co., Framingham, Mass.  
 The Walter M. Lowney Co., 427 Commercial  
 St., Boston, Mass.  
 Lumb Knitting Co., Pawtucket, R. I.

The Macallen Electric Co., 16 Macallen, cor.  
 Foundry St., So. Boston, Mass.  
 Magee Furnace Co., 38 Union St., Boston, Mass.  
 Mass. Chocolate Co., 197 Norfolk Ave., Roxbury,  
 Mass.  
 Mass. Electric Co., Worcester, Mass.  
 Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.  
 Marcus & Co., Inc., 50 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
 Marlin-Rockwell Corporation, New Haven,  
 Conn.  
 Mathieson Alkali Works, Providence, R. I.  
 McLane Mfg. Co., Milford, N. H.  
 S. C. McIntire, 137 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
 Medford Woolen Mfg. Co., Medford, Mass.  
 Mianus Mfg. Co., Coscob, Conn.  
 Millers Falls Co., Millers Falls, Mass.  
 Mills Woven Cartridge Belt Co., Worcester,  
 Mass.  
 The Montowese Brick Co., New Haven, Conn.

Moore & Burgess Webbing Co., Concord Junc-  
 tion, Mass.  
 Frank K. Moore Co., 49 Federal St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 George C. Moore, Westerly, R. I.  
 Morris-Skinner Co., Wakefield, Mass.  
 Moulton Co., C. W. H., Somerville, Mass.  
 Mt. Hope Finishing Co., North Dighton, Mass.

Nash Engineering Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.  
 National Co., 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.  
 National Scale Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.  
 Nashua Machine Co., Nashua, N. H.  
 Naugatuck Malleable Iron Works, Naugatuck,  
 Conn.  
 New England Brick Co., 18 Post Office Sq.,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 New England Lime Co., Danbury, Conn.  
 New England Maple Syrup Co., Somerville,  
 Mass.  
 New England Spruce Emergency Bureau, Bos-  
 ton, Mass.  
 New England Structural Co., 110 State St.,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 New England Westinghouse Co., Chicopee Falls,  
 Mass.  
 New Haven Electric Co., New Haven, Conn.  
 The New Haven Saw Mill Co., New Haven,  
 Conn.  
 New Haven Switch Co., New Haven, Conn.  
 North & Judd Mfg. Co., New Britain, Conn.

O'Bannon Corp., West Barrington, R. I.  
 Osgood-Bradley Car Co., Worcester, Mass.  
 Ostby & Barton Co., 118 Richmond St., Provi-  
 dence, R. I.

Parker Wire Goods Co., Worcester, Mass.  
 Parry Brick Co., 166 Devonshire St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Horace Partridge Co., 49 Franklin St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 J. C. Pearson Co., 63 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
 The Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co., Southington,  
 Conn.  
 Penn Metal Co., 65 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.  
 Penn. Cement Co., 161 Devonshire St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Perrin Seamans & Co., 57 Oliver St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Pettingell-Andrews Co., 160 Pearl St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 James Phelan & Sons, Lynn, Mass.  
 Pierce Mfg. Co., New Bedford, Mass.  
 The Plume & Atwood Mfg. Co., Waterbury,  
 Conn.  
 Plymouth Cordage Co., Plymouth, Mass.  
 Portland Stoneware Co., 49 Federal St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.  
 Pratt & Cady Co., Hartford, Conn.  
 The G. E. Prentice Mfg. Co., New Britain,  
 Conn.  
 J. C. Pushee & Sons, 3 Randolph St., Boston,  
 Mass.

Renim Specialty Co., 170 Purchase St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Rhode Island Tool Co., Providence, R. I.  
 Rockland & Rockport Lime Co., Rockland, Me.  
 Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn.  
 Ruggles Co., Walter G., Salem, Mass.  
 Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co., New Britain, Conn.  
 Rising & Nelson Slate Co., West Pawlet, Vt.

Samson Cordage Works, 88 Broad St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Sargent Co., New Haven, Conn.  
 Saylesville Finishing Plant, Saylesville, R. I.  
 Scoville Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
 Henry D. Sears, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
 F. I. Shares, New Haven, Conn.  
 Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 Silver Lake Co., Newtonville, Mass.  
 Simplex Electric Heating Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Simplex Wire & Cable Co., 201 Devonshire St.,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 Skinner Chuck Co., New Britain, Conn.  
 Smith Co., The H. P., Westfield, Mass.  
 Smith & Dove Mfg. Co., Andover, Mass.  
 W. A. Snow Iron Works, 32 Portland St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Somerville Iron Foundry Co., Somerville, Mass.  
 Spalding & Bros., A. C., Chicopee, Mass.  
 Spencer Regulator Co., Salem, Mass.  
 Springfield Aircraft Corp., Springfield, Mass.  
 Springfield Gas Light Co., Springfield, Mass.  
 Standish Worsted Co., Plymouth, Mass.  
 The Stanley Rule & Level Co., Stanley Works,  
 New Britain, Conn.  
 Starrett Co., L. S., Athol, Mass.  
 Stevens & Sons, J. P., North Andover, Mass.  
 Stewart & Sons, C., Worcester, Mass.  
 The Stile & Hart Brick Co., North Haven, Conn.  
 The Stiles & Sons Brick Co., North Haven, Conn.  
 The Stiles & Reynolds Brick Co., North Haven,  
 Conn.  
 Stone & Webster, 147 Milk St., Boston, Mass.  
 Stuart-Howland Co., 234 Congress, cor. Pur-  
 chase St., Boston, Mass.  
 B. F. Sturtevant Co., 120 Franklin St., Boston,  
 Mass.

Sulloway Mills, Franklin, N. H.  
 Traut & Hine Co., New Britain, Conn.  
 Tremont Nail Co., West Wareham, Mass.  
 Trumbull Electric Mfg. Co., Plainville, Conn.  
 Trumbull-Vanderpoel Electric Mfg. Co., Ban-  
 tam, Conn.  
 Try-Me Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.  
 Tubular Rivet & Stud Co., 87 Lincoln St., Bos-  
 ton, Mass.  
 The Turner & Seymour Mfg. Co., Torrington,  
 Conn.  
 Tuttle Brick Co., Middletown, Conn.

United Electric Supply Co., 579 Atlantic Ave.,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 United Shoe Repairing Machine Co., 4 Albany  
 St., Boston, Mass.  
 United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 United States Column Co., Cambridge, Mass.  
 United States Finishing Co., Providence, R. I.  
 Universal Safety Tread Co., 40 Court St., Bos-  
 ton, Mass.

Wade Machine Co., Boston, Mass.  
 Wadsworth, Howland & Co., 139 Federal St.,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 Waldo Bros., 45 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.  
 Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31 Union St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Wallace & Sons, R., Wallingford, Conn.  
 Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.  
 Walworth Mfg. Co., 142 High St., Boston, Mass.  
 The Waterbury Buckle Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
 Waterbury-Farrell Machine Co., Waterbury,  
 Conn.  
 F. W. Webb Mfg. Co., 50 Elm St., Boston, Mass.  
 West Boylston Mfg. Co., Easthampton, Mass.  
 Wetmore-Savage Co., 76 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.  
 Wheeler Reflector Co., 156 Pearl St., Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Whitcomb-Blaisdell Machine Tool Co., Worces-  
 ter, Mass.  
 White Co., O. C., Worcester, Mass.  
 Whitlock Coil Pipe Co., Hartford, Conn.  
 Wm. Whitman Co., Inc., 78 Chauncy St., Bos-  
 ton, Mass.  
 Wiley, Bickford, Sweet Co., Hartford, Conn.  
 The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.  
 Wilson & Silsby, Inc., Rows Wharf, Boston,  
 Mass.  
 Winchester Brick Co., Winchester, Mass.  
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven,  
 Conn.  
 Wire Goods Co., Worcester, Mass.  
 Wright Wire Co., Worcester, Mass.

Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn.





# His Monument, the North Pole

*The sturdy, adventuresome life of Robert E. Peary an inspiration for American achievement*

**T**HE North Pole irresistibly attracts not only the needle of the magnetic compass, but the mind of man as well. The lure of the White Silence is a very real and insistent urge to force the barriers with which Nature guards her great secret. Many men, impelled by that insistent urge, have braved the hardships and privations, the isolation and loneliness, the dangers and discouragements, inevitably incident to Arctic exploration. The graves of many of these men are marked by tiny cairns of stones in the midst of the eternal solitudes of the great ice fields that surround the Pole.

Others have struggled to the very limits of human endurance of cold and hunger and toil, only in the end to be inexorably thrust back by the repellant forces of Nature.

Robert E. Peary, alone of all the more than seven hundred daring leaders of exploring expeditions, who during nearly three hundred years have sought to penetrate the Polar mystery, succeeded in attaining the object of his quest, and that only after eight invasions of the frozen North, the expenditure of nearly half a million dollars, the endurance of unspeakable hardships, and the absolute devotion of nearly twenty of the best years of his life to a persistent, unflinching determination to reach the Pole.

When on the sixth of September, 1909, Peary announced that he had at last reached the North Pole, his message was flashed to every corner of the civilized world as an assurance of the crowning achievement of three centuries of ceaseless effort.

By the irony of chance, when Peary's message came, the whole world was, quite unknown to him, acclaiming Dr. Frederick A. Cook as the discoverer. Only four days previous to Peary's announcement, Cook, who was on his way back to Copenhagen on board a Danish steamer, had telegraphed the claim that he reached the Pole on April 21, 1908, nearly a year ahead of Peary.

While Dr. Cook's claim was not unquestioned from the first, he had for four days at least been widely acclaimed as the discoverer of the Pole. With receipt of Peary's message, there arose one of the greatest controversies of all ages over the honor of actual first discovery. Peary's assertions were not seriously questioned, but there came to be two great parties, for and against Cook.

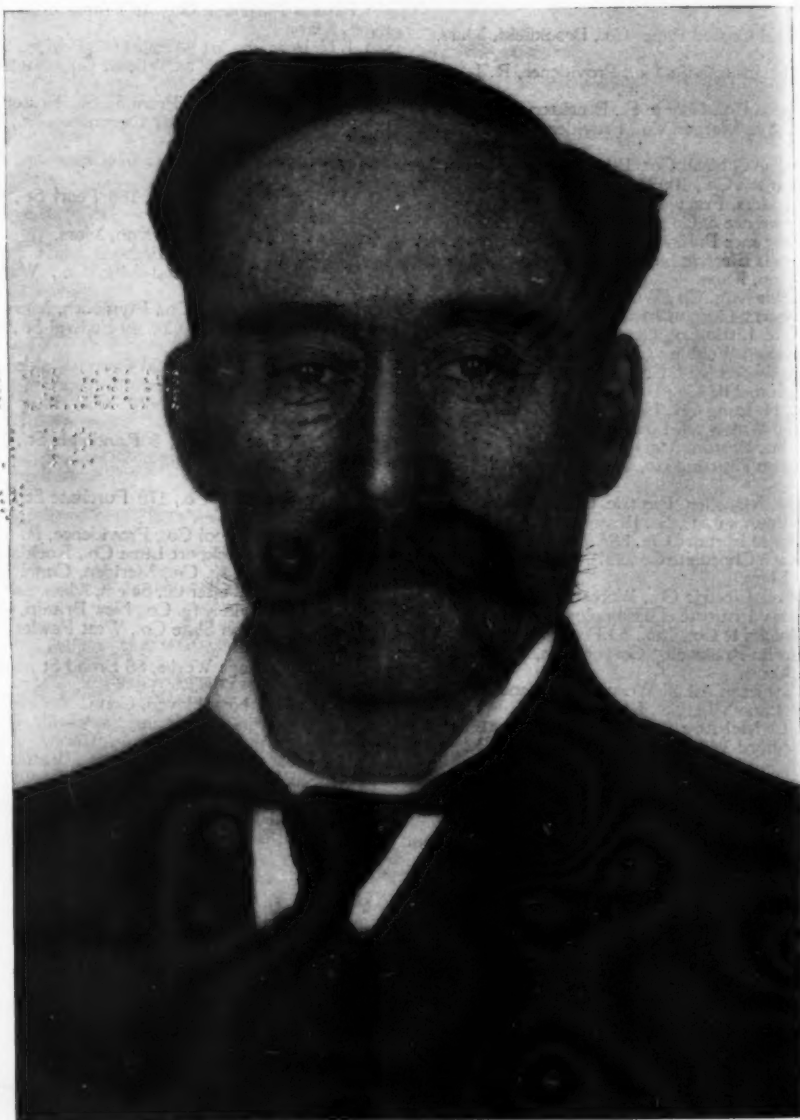
Peary, with his record of seven successful trips to the Arctic, his official standing in the United States Navy and in scientific circles, easily held the commanding position in the controversy. But it was only after the scientific bodies one by one had sifted the evidence and pronounced Cook's claims unfounded, that Peary's title as discoverer of the Pole was really won.

The bitterness of this episode was only one item in the price which Peary paid for the immortal fame that is now acknowledged to be his. He spent practically all his money, gave all that was in him for hard work and suffered all that the human frame could endure from hunger, cold

and hardships, and several times barely escaped the death which in various forms has been the fate of many explorers before him.

The first step that led Peary toward the Pole was taken in Washington one day when he walked into a bookstore and picked up a fugitive account of Greenland. This so aroused his interest that he became an insatiable reader on the subject of the Arctic.

He was then thirty years old, having been born in Cresson, Pennsylvania, in 1856. His early boyhood was spent at Portland, Maine, roaming about Casco Bay. He went to Bowdoin College, won fame there as a runner and jumper and stood in the honor column of scholarship. Later he went to Washington to work as a draftsman in the Coast and Geodetic Survey offices. While engaged as a draftsman in Washington he



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY  
Last portrait taken of Peary before he started on his successful Polar trip



spent his spare time studying civil engineering and passed in that branch into the naval service.

Eventually he became assistant engineer of the Nicaragua Ship Canal under Government orders, with the rank of Lieutenant. Returning to the United States, he became interested in Arctic exploration, and thirty-four years ago he made his first trip to the North, making a reconnaissance of the Greenland inland ice cap east of Disco Bay.

Two years thereafter he was engineer in charge of the Nicaragua Canal surveys, and invented rolling lock gates for the canal, but the lure of the Arctic was on him and he again turned northward. In June, 1891, he led his first big Polar expedition, being head of the Arctic expedition of the Academy of National Science, Philadelphia.

He led the expedition into Greenland to determine the extent of this mysterious land. He determined its insularity, discovered and named many Arctic points which today are familiar names, such as Independence Bay, Melville Land and Heilprin Land, and on one of his later voyages he discovered the famous meteorites, which he brought back to civilization. One of them, weighing eighty tons, is the wonder of visitors to the Museum of Natural History in New York.

Between voyages Peary resorted to the lecture platform to raise funds for further explorations, in one instance delivering 168 lectures in ninety-six days, by which he raised \$13,000.

Peary's first dash for the Pole began on July 26, 1905, from Sydney, Cape Breton, on the steamer *Roosevelt*, which had been especially built for the undertaking by the Peary Arctic Club of New York. At Etah the difficulties with ice began. Only the peculiar construction of the vessel, built for a continued struggle with ice in the Arctic, enabled the party to proceed.

On this trip, Peary reached the most northerly land in the world at the tip of Greenland, which he named Cape Morris K. Jesup, but with his pack of dogs decimated, his sledges all but empty, and his feet frozen, he felt that he could not in common prudence push on.

Cutting his flag from the summit of the highest pinnacle, he left in a bottle a short record of the expedition and a piece of the flag that he had carried around the northern land of Greenland six years before.

Following this expedition, Peary gave way to despondency and despair. He wrote in his diary: "The game is off. My dream of sixteen years is ended. I have made the best fight I knew. I believe it was a good one. But I cannot accomplish the impossible."

By the time Peary had reached civilization, however, he had decided upon still another trip. With the specially designed ship, *Roosevelt*, he drove farther into the frozen ocean than any navigator had ever been before. On foot he advanced until his record for this seventh trip stood at 86.6, where starvation and cold again checked the party.

Peary was fifty-two years old, when in July, 1908, he set out on his eighth and successful invasion of the Polar region. Captain Bartlett, the veteran navigator for Peary, shouted to Colonel Roosevelt as the ship was leaving its wharf at New York, "It's the Pole or bust, this time, Mr. President."

The strategy of advance toward the Pole was in five detachments, pushing north in the manner of a telescope. At the eighty-eighth parallel Peary left the party, accompanied by Captain Bartlett, in charge of the fourth detachment. He,

with one member of his crew and four Eskimos, made the final dash, covering the final 135 miles in five days.

The party remained about the Pole for thirty hours on April 6 and 7. It was a great tract of frozen sea. The weather was clear and cloudless, and the temperature from thirty-three below zero to twelve above. Where open places permitted soundings, nine thousand feet of wire—which was all that Peary had—failed to touch the bottom.

When he got back to civilization, Peary was surprised to find such a fierce controversy raging over him and his rival, Dr. Cook, but he easily established his claim before scientific bodies throughout the world. He was raised to the rank of Rear Admiral of the United States Navy and retired on pay. Congress voted him its thanks in a special act, and gold medals and decorations and honors of many kinds were therefore showered upon him.

He wove a scientific and popular narrative of his success into a book called "The North Pole," while his other expeditions are described in detail in his "Northward Over the Great Ice" and "Nearest the Pole." Turning his attention to aviation, Admiral Peary became a strong advocate of aircraft development by the Government, and persistently urged adequate coast patrols in this country, especially during the period of the war.

Peary's closing years have been spent in well-earned rest, living for a large part of the time with his family of three—wife, daughter and son—on Eagle Island, off the coast of Portland, Maine. Mrs. Peary frequently accompanied her husband on his northward journeys, and on one of these trips Marie Ahnighito Peary was born and bears the distinction of having been born farther north than any other white child in the world. She was popularly known as "The Snow Baby."

Tho it had been known to his family for some weeks that the great explorer was about to depart upon a journey from which he would never more return, the news of his death at his home in Washington on February 20, came to the public as a distinct shock.

Unusual military honors marked the funeral of the discoverer of the North Pole. The body was placed in Arlington National Cemetery, on Virginia Heights, across the Potomac, and a last tribute paid by a naval firing squad and a naval bugler.

The services were conducted by Capt. Carroll Q. Wright, chaplain at the Washington Navy Yard, and artillery and cavalry formed the regular escort under command of Colonel Reed on the long march from the explorer's home to the cemetery, where a company of blue-jackets joined it beside the grave.

As a special tribute to the active interest Admiral Peary took in the development of aviation, seaplanes and army airplanes hovered above the cemetery during the services. The casket was draped in the United States flag which Peary raised at the North Pole. Throughout the hardships of the Polar expedition the emblem had been carefully guarded to signify the sovereignty of America over the new territory to be discovered, and when the goal was reached the Stars and Stripes was unfurled to the breeze on the "top of the world."

So went to his final rest a dauntless and intrepid spirit, a true American, who set the honor and the glory of his country above any personal reward, a man who suffered untold hardships and the extremity of toil and hunger and privation to set the flag he loved at the apex of the world as a token of American achievement.

There was something in the steady open frank gaze of the late Admiral Peary that reflected his sturdy character. The first and last time that I met him revealed the same indomitable spirit. The first time was when he was preparing for the second dash to find the pole. The last time when he was urging a department of the government to look after aeronautics. His life from first to last was that of an adventuresome but honest soul seeking and discovering, and with the discovered North Pole as his monument his fame rests secure in the hearts of his countrymen





# Bing's Bubbles

By RALPH BINGHAM

## Home-made Epigram

WHEN Greek meets Greek—they open a shoe shining parlor.

## Mack Senate Comedy

NORMAN MACK threatens to gum shoe into the United States Senate.

## Lid On In Oklahoma City

AT the Lee-Huckins Hotel lamped an "oil king" having his nails "did," by a blonde manicure while wearing his hat.

## Slogan for Hoover

HE kept us out of the pantry.

## Presidential Timber

WOOD.

## All Kivered or Cross Bar

AT the famous Harvey Eating House at Salpulpia, Oklahoma: "Any custard pie?" I asked. "No," answered Ima Vamp, "We ain't gotta open-faced pie in the house."

## Poultry

SHE was cute; tho only a little slip,  
But she sticked her lip.  
Her sister was nice, tho inclined to be flip,  
She sticked her lip.  
And after they drank,  
Or after they ate,  
Or missed a car,  
Or kept a date,  
Or chewed some gum,  
Or tennised a set,  
Or smoked a Turkish cigarette,  
In a movie show,  
Or church, or school,  
Or even in bed,  
Each little fool  
Opened her Vamp case  
And sticked her lip.

—Rhyming Rufus.

## Bubbles Temple of Fame

AS we shimmy to press a letter comes from "Bob" Timmons of Wichita, Kansas, District Rotarian Governor for Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, nominating as custodian of the keys to the Temple Cellar, Sheriff Abner Booze of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Elected without a murmur.

## The Days of Real Sports

WHAT'S become of the o' f' sport who wanted to swap knives with you "sight unseen?" He's probably with the o' f' sport who carried his watch in a chamois skin bag. Ah hum!

## Advice to Children

ONE gargle a day,  
Keeps the old Flu away.  
—Dr. Cass Teroyle.

## Poor Father

EDWARD AMHERST OTT, the noted lecturer, sends in this peachy sign that he lamped on a ranch house recently, while on an auto trip thru Arizona:

"Drink oUR sWeeT mIlk sLeep in  
Our SpRing bEds And PoP On Ice."

## Running After a Hearse

THE New Jersey legislature passed a bill the other day legalizing the sale of three and one-half per cent beer. Haw! Haw!

## Help!

ARE you the woman that wants a lady to cook fer her?"  
"Yes, thank you, I advertised for a cook."  
"Phat are yez payin'?"  
"Whatever you consider right."  
"How many afternoons off do yez expect?"

## Goshallmeity!!

DEACON Leity  
Full of feity,  
For the up-lift,  
And the reity.  
Went to York,  
To see the seity,  
Bevoed round,  
Stayed out all neity,  
Saw "Zig's Follies,"  
Aphrodite  
Clothed in nothin'  
But her neity. Oh heck!!  
—Knight Byrd.

## Which Reminds Us

WE attended a low-neck, backless, dress ball in Oklahoma City recently and know now what is meant by, "The Cherokee Strip."

## Real Estate Stuph

HEY, Chonnie! What did Sandy Klaus bring yer fer Christmas?"  
"He brung me a black-board an' a book. What did he brang you?"  
"Oh, he brought me a full set of drums an' traps."  
"Yas, but that's cause your father is trying to buy the house next door to yours."

## A Musical Trage

A TRAP drummer once named Bowdell,  
He played sixty traps oh "Sow-well,"  
One day "Bowdy" died,  
Some said: "Susancide,"  
Because some one swiped his cow-bell.  
—Limerick Lew.

## Service Discontinued

IN the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the other day the "Shooting of Dan Magrew" was credited to Rudyard Kipling.

## Forgot Cloves, Uncle Henry

YES," yessed Uncle Henry the one-armed fiddler, "tho I've noticed pertickler that wall paper and umbrellas iz still a-going up that rain iz still a-coming down—choose yer podners fer the Chill Tonic Shiver."

## Just Soap Suds

THERE is only one word in the language that is sissier than Sissy and that is "Kiddies:"

Partly bald toothbrushes can be sold to shoe shining parlors.

Mrs. Spankshurt, the English woman sufferer, does not believe in corporal punishment.

We'll miss our "goat" this spring—no Bock Beer signs—Ah hum!

Saturday Matinee and Night in this Theatre the powerful temperance drama: "Ten Nights in a Drug Store."

## The Clearing House for Service Men

# The Door of Opportunity

*How the Young Soldiers, Sailors and Marines are cared for by the Bureau established in Chicago by General Leonard Wood*



WHAT!"

The young soldier startled the group of officers. He wore the overseas service cap and shabby khaki, and the red arrow of honorable discharge. His face was tanned and battle-scarred, his hair unkempt. The officers chosen by Major General Wood to find places for men out of work were examining the stalwart, engaging youth when his answer brought them to their feet.

"A what!" they ejaculated.

The boy never winced. To the question, "What did you do before the war?" he answered the third time unflinchingly:

"I was a hold-up man!"

"A hold-up man?" Colonel Dorey queried blandly, his interest in the daring youth being aroused to the full.

"That's right," the boy repeated, "I was a hold-up man." His name was Tony. "I was a hold-up man. I belonged to a gang that lived by holding up clerks returning from the bank with their pay rolls, and stole automobiles," he repeated.

The officers in the little group swallowed their astonishment. The boy at least had courage, and his courage won the respect of brave men now as it had done in France. The boy had fought at Chateau-Thierry. He was without fear. He had won a battle, a victory over men. The officers in the group about him had been made his friends. They would henceforth take an interest in him, almost a brotherly interest.

"What do you want to do?" was asked him.

"Well," said Tony, "I'd like a job like my brother's. He has put three hundred dollars in the bank."

The group included Colonel Halstead Dorey, Colonel John S. Bronner, and First Lieutenant W. Eugene Stanley, directors of the Bureau for Returning Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, established in Chicago by General Leonard Wood last spring. They drew close around Tony and multiplied their questions. He stood the ordeal well. He satisfied them that he was sincere in saying that he wanted to turn his back upon his past forever.

"Good for you, Tony!" Colonel Dorey exclaimed when the examination ended.

"We'll be with you, we'll stand by you; but you must keep in touch with us, and let us know how you are getting on. We mean to see to it that you go straight hereafter."

"All right," said Tony, "I'll keep in touch with you gladly if you will help me go straight and keep me from the gang."

A job was found for Tony in an office; but he did not last long. He was back at the Bureau in a few days, saying he had thrown it up.

"What was the trouble?" Colonel Bronner asked him.

"Well, you see," said Tony, "it was like this. A clerk asked me to move a desk and I refused. I told him I had not been employed to move furniture; besides the clerk was not my superior. So I quit."

"Sorry for that," Colonel Bronner said, "but we'll see what we can do. First of all, Tony, your point of view is wrong. To work for others and keep your place, you must be willing to do what they ask of you, not what you want to do. Just as in the army you must learn to obey, not because you are obliged to, but just to oblige. You were in the wrong, Tony, but we'll give you another chance."

"I want to keep away from the gang," said Tony. "Me pals are after me to get me to go back with them. They call me 'Mamma's boy' and 'Sissy.' I want to keep away from them."

Tony's second job was with the telephone company. He has had one after another since, but the patience of Colonel Dorey

and his assistants is of the kind that knows no weariness. It is typical of the bureau, and the doughboys, one and all, feel grateful for it down in their hearts to General Wood.

When the young soldier first returned home, Chicago was about the toughest problem he encountered. It took the heart out of him; but six months had not passed before it was putting new heart right into him. In this work of utility, General Wood has had the support of the war work organizations of Chicago. Before the General arrived in the Windy City, hundreds of credulous doughboys were being exploited by the vultures of the great town, and brought down to disgrace. Even in khaki were men of few scruples who took advantage of the confusion in dispensing aid. Some of them, none too eager for hard work, saw how easy it was to work the charities. They might live off the Red Cross for a while, turn to the Salvation Army, and from there seek the Jewish Welfare League.



Copyright, Moffett, Chicago

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN S. BRONNER



Thus some of them accumulated supplies of clothing or of food ample enough to open a store. The same was true of meal tickets, which they sold at a lively rate.

General Wood saw that the work must be co-ordinated and simplified. He is greatest as an organizer, and here was an opportunity to give free scope to his peculiar genius. He sent for the heads of all the war work organizations, and told them of his scheme; told them what their mistakes were and how he purposed to rectify them. They assented without demur to the changes he suggested and offered to raise funds thru a joint committee, of which Mr. Merrick is the head. Thus the Bureau was organized and the building at 120 West Adams Street was leased. It has been familiar to Chicagoans as the home of the Edison Company, and afterwards of the State Council of Defense.

When General Wood makes up his mind to do something, he decides on the general outline of the scheme; picks out men he knows are adapted to carrying out the details, and says: "That is what I want, go to it."

He chose Colonel Halstead Dorey to head the Bureau and gave him as assistant Lieutenant W. E. Stanley, who won his attention at Camp Funston. He placed Colonel John S. Bronner over the employment part of the work. Colonel Dorey wears a double rainbow of service stripes on his blouse and saw valiant service in France. He was wounded and crippled, and barely escaped death. He has the sympathy with the men and the executive ability needed to head the Bureau.

There is something about its mechanism suggestive of a great mill where the grain goes in at one end and comes out at the other flour. It has elevators, bins, and hoppers. The human wheat passes in at the ground floor, after which it is hoisted to the top and sifted thoroly as it returns downward to the bottom again.

Number One, the largest hopper, is for unskilled labor; another is the office of the Red Cross; another that of the Salvation Army. Others are for the Jewish Welfare League, the Knights of Columbus, the National Catholic War Council, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the United States Shipping Board and the Fort Sheridan Association.

Should the applicant need medical attention he will receive it in the Bureau free of charge. There is a hospital ward on the top floor and adjoining it the Chicago Woman's Club runs a small kitchen for the weary and exhausted stragglers who need immediate care. An illustration is furnished by Lieutenant Stanley.

"The phone on my desk rang," he said. "I picked up the receiver and was informed by an examiner in the Labor Department that a man was downstairs seeking a job, but was in no condition physically for any kind of work whatsoever.

"Send him up," I replied.

"He is very weak—has just fainted, and you will find it impossible to talk to him in his condition," came back.

"Take him to the rest room, and I will see him there," I directed.

"When I reached the rest room on the top floor, hot coffee had been made on the electric stoves, which are kept ever ready for such emergencies. He was eating sandwiches also, and feeling better, for food was one of the things he needed most.

"He told me his troubles. He was ill and had had nothing to eat for two days. He had wandered from one place to another; but as his case was out of the ordinary he was told to see someone else. Exhausted and utterly discouraged, he found the Bureau for Discharged Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines.

"His discharge told me he had left the army with fifty per cent disability due to tuberculosis. As all men with ten per



COLONEL HALSTEAD DOREY

cent disability who cannot carry on successfully are entitled to vocational training. I applied to the agents of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in the Bureau. They said vocational training was out of the question until the man had been cured, and a medical examination was needed.

"The medical staff of the Central Department Headquarters is at our service in such an emergency. Medical care and treatment were held necessary, but the man was not eligible to enter an army hospital, as he was discharged from the service.

"However, the Red Cross took care of him and placed him in a hospital, where he received the attention he required.

"Thus within twenty minutes from the time his case was called to our attention, this discharged soldier, who had been wandering about the streets for two days till he was ready to 'hunt the lake,' was taken care of. And his case is only one of hundreds which might be found in any of the larger cities."

General Wood's work in this, as in other employment matters pertaining to soldiers, sailors and marines, has set the pace for the whole country.



*It's a long, long trail from*

# Farm Boy to Secretary of Agriculture

*But Edwin T. Meredith, who in his youth did chores on the home farm in Iowa, now holds highest honor the agricultural world can bestow*

By C. A. GOSS



WHEN telegraph wires hummed with the news that E. T. Meredith had been named Secretary of Agriculture, the country buzzed with comment. To many the announcement was a great surprise. But out in the corn belt, in the great food producing heart of the country, where people know him best, they just grinned as they chuckled "Just what we expected," or "Just the man for the job."

Secretary Meredith is a striking example of a successful, self-made man. His life history reads like a novel. Born December 23, 1876, near Atlantic, in the middle of the great corn field of Iowa, he attended the "little red school house," while working on his father's farm. He was a farm boy with experiences similar to thousands of others. His early life was the usual routine of up early and work late, helping father do the chores morning and night and spending the long days in the fields plowing, cultivating and harrowing. Like other farm boys he had the intense longing to have something "his very own" to care for and feed, and, when sold, to enjoy the fruits of his labor; but there were several in the family and it was necessary that young Ed hustle for his education.

At the early age of sixteen he went to Des Moines, where he started working his way thru college, "slinging hash" for his board and doing roustabout work in his grandfather's print shop during such time as he could spare from his studies.

An old proverb says, "When one gets printer's ink on his hands it never comes off." Young Meredith got it all over himself in the rough work in the little old print shop, and he is still in the game. At the age of seventeen he was made bookkeeper and office manager in his grandfather's employ.

The grandfather was radical and hot-headed at times, while the youth was a chip off the old block. One day in a fit of temper the senior member of the firm fired the foreman. The young manager handed in the key and walked out also. The two friends went fishing to celebrate the occasion while the old man repented at leisure. In the evening he took them both back.

The grandfather was not a success as a publisher—too conservative the young man said—and finally tiring of meeting deficits, offered the paper to Edwin T. Altho only twenty-three, our young printer had a vision of a paper to stand at the top in farm journalism. He bought out the plant with a very little cash and a very big note. His mother nearly fainted when she read his letter of the bold plan. Something must be done, overwork was going to the boy's head!

It is an interesting story of a struggle against hardship and poverty. Uncle Sam doesn't trust for postage and at times there were not enough stamps to mail an issue. So he carted as many down the back alley in his little dump cart as he could pay the postage on and waited to see if the next day would not bring money enough to send the rest.

"I was always broke," said the publisher. "I never knew what it was not to be broke; but I never lost any sleep over it. I lived for the day, and let the morrow take care of itself."

The newly-appointed Secretary of Agriculture, the youngest man who has ever held that important office, believes that farming is at the top of all sciences. He believes agriculture to be the basis of permanent prosperity in the nation. His own farm life, his early struggles, the fight he made to get an education—all left their marks on him. He is vitally interested in the development of farm life, and his youthful heart causes him to remember his own aspirations when a farm boy. He is trying to make the farm a better place on which to live for the whole farm family

By hard work the first paper was kept going. It grew some, but not fast enough to satisfy E. T., and in three years he sold his little farm paper, starting a monthly magazine for the farm family, calling it *Successful Farming*, and from the beginning "Successful" was well named. The first issue was a thin little sheet of sixteen pages, scanty in reading matter and scantier still in advertising. But it had a policy, which in brief was to uphold the interests of farm families, and that policy rang true. That was in 1902. Now at the age of forty-three he looks about over all he owns—a million-dollar publishing plant, which turns out the largest farm paper in the world.

Integrity, industry, imagination, are the three "I's" Secretary Meredith credits to his success. "Imagination," he says "Spells the difference between little success and big success." Mr. Meredith believes agriculture to be the basis of permanent prosperity in the nation. He believes that farming

is at the top of all sciences. His own farm life, his early struggles, the fight he made to get an education, all left their marks on him. He is vitally interested in the development of farm life, and his youthful heart causes him to remember his own joys and aspirations when a farm boy. He is trying to make the farm a better place on which to live from the standpoint of the whole farm family.

No man lives who has a greater sympathy for the American farm boy or girl who is trying to get "somewhere." No man is more willing to prove that interest by actually helping boys and girls to the ambitions of which they dream. It was this sympathy which led him three years ago to start a loan department thru which he announced his willingness to loan \$250,000 to boys and girls of the Middle West, on their own notes, with which they could buy live stock, chickens, seeds for garden or field crops for their very own. The letters daily coming to his desk from every state in the Union—letters of appreciation and gratitude which reveal the very hearts and aspirations of the writers, are pay enough to his youthful heart.

"But will it ever come back?" you ask. "I trust the average farm child. Most children are born honest; dishonesty is an acquisition of later life," is Mr. Meredith's reply.

In civil life the Secretary's business is more than publishing a farm paper—it is service. His very publication has more service departments than any other business or any other newspaper or magazine would consider profitable. There is a service thru which 25,000 inquiries from farmers on practical farm topics are answered each year. There is a service for rural school teachers to help them in making agriculture a workday topic for the country schools. There is a service whereby country newspapers can better serve their fields and still another which shows the salesmen of large advertising concerns the possibilities in the farm market. As Secretary of Agriculture, his first thought will still be that of service to the great food producing interests of America.

Mr. Meredith is a firm believer in the rights of the working people. In his own institution he aims to give workers "one hundred per cent plus" in advantages, and he has faith to believe that such principles return one hundred per cent plus

in efficiency. In addition to the ordinary advantages such as safety, sanitation, good wages, and fair treatment, he maintains that some of the "extras" are due those who help him. Altho large in the agricultural publishing field, his is the smallest industrial plant in America known to maintain a full time personnel department. Seven years ago a community dining room was added where employees obtain hot meals at below cost. A library, girls' rest room and recreation room are other "humanizers." More recent additions are free medical and dental service. During the summer, cottages are maintained at a convenient summer resort where all employees are given a two weeks' outing at less cost than the lowest employee would receive as vacation pay. It is his belief that healthy bodies and happy minds are requisites to efficiency. The "family spirit" makes boosters of the employees for the institution which gives them a square deal and for the man who heads the family.

Aside from his own affairs, Secretary Meredith has found time for his home, his city, his state and his nation. At the age of twenty he was married, and has a son and daughter for whom he is never too busy to give the best of his thought and time. He was a pioneer in the cause of honest advertising. In his first edition he guaranteed all advertising and offered to adjust questionable differences between advertisers and farmers—a previously unheard of thing in the advertising game. The campaign which finally cleaned up advertising, resulted in the choice of E. T. Meredith as president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. When the twelve federal reserve banks were established by the government thruout the country, Mr. Meredith was made director of the Chicago district. For several years he has been an active advisor and director of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

In 1914, his friends prevailed upon him to accept nomination for United States Senator, and later in 1916 he ran for governor. Both times he lost; as a matter of fact all democrats have lost in Iowa except once when the Republicans quarreled among themselves. Later inquiry showed that Meredith's defeat was due to his program for good roads thruout the state which was at that time too long a step for the layman mind. Since that time the state legislature has enacted into law the very road program Meredith originally proposed and upon which he was defeated. Results were all he was after, so he is content.

At the beginning of the war, Secretary McAdoo appointed Meredith on the excess profits board of review of the United States Treasury. In that capacity he served as a dollar a year man thruout a large part of the war period. In 1918 he was a member of a commission appointed by the President to visit Great Britain and France for the purpose of advising in the industrial and labor policies of our allies. The following year he was appointed, along with twenty-one other prominent men, to represent the public in the labor conference called by President Wilson.

It is peculiarly true that the element of chance has played little part in Secretary Meredith's success—thruout all has been the element of good sense, determination and adherence to ideals. No brilliant streak of luck came to him, no theatrical turn of a card brought him in so short a time from bed-rock

poverty to a millionaire publisher and a member of the President's cabinet. He is not only one of the biggest business men of the West, but he has devoted his entire life to the



EDWIN T. MEREDITH

*Newly appointed Secretary of Agriculture*

interests of agriculture whose people are his people and whose ways are his ways. At the age of forty-three he is the youngest member of the present cabinet—he is the youngest man to ever hold the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, the highest honor the agricultural world can bestow.

## A SONG FOR APRIL

(FROM HEART THROBS)

**I**T isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.  
The clouds of gray engulf the day,  
And overwhelm the town;  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down.

*It isn't raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where every buccaneering bee  
May find a bed and room;  
A health unto the happy!  
A fig for him who frets!—  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.*



*Making his Native Place his Hobby*

## Putting the "Go" in Chicago

*Ferdinand W. Peck, a native-born pioneer citizen of Chicago, who has watched it grow from a small village to one of the foremost cities in the world*

**T**HERE are very few men in the great and wonderful city of Chicago who are better known or held in higher esteem than Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, who was born in that city in 1848, and is now its second oldest native-born citizen.

Mr. Peck practiced law in the courts of Cook County in his early career and has been a central figure in all the important affairs of his native city. Conspicuous among his achievements are Grant Park, the Confederate Monument at Oak Woods, the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and the conception and creation of the great Auditorium, of which Mr. Peck is prouder than of any of his many successful works. He made it possible for grand opera in his native city, making his first attempt along that line in the Opera Festival held many years ago in the old Exposition Building on the lake front, and was appointed United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition of 1900 by President McKinley.

Mr. Peck still occupies his magnificent home at 1826 Michigan Avenue, where he is so often styled by his friends as living on the plebian South Side among the proletariat.

Mr. Peck is very proud of the fact that he is the original advocate of Major General Wood for President of the United States, and says of him: "He is the Abraham Lincoln of the hour."

When General Pershing and Commodore Peck met recently upon the former's arrival in Chicago, the commander-in-chief of the Yanks said, referring to a banquet held there some years ago: "You're the only man who ever compelled me to make a speech. You grabbed me by the collar and forced me to my feet."

The general's expression on this occasion was a most fitting tribute to the well-known and determined character of Chicago's second oldest native-born citizen, who has been a conspicuous and compelling factor in building the greatness of the city since the eventful days of '71.

General Pershing is by no means the only man who has been compelled to do Mr. Peck's bidding. European monarchs have yielded to the compelling sway of the Commodore's winning ways, and acceded to his wishes in important matters that concerned American prestige abroad, and particularly that of Chicago—as was notably illustrated when Mr. Peck

went to Europe in 1891 to secure exhibits for the World's Columbian Exposition.

The account of Peck's unique adventures in interviewing European rulers in the interest of the exposition was brought out when the surviving members of the board of directors of the World's Columbian Exposition met recently at the Union League Club, at a reunion feast given by Commodore Peck, who served the exposition as first vice-president and chairman of the finance committee and who is now president of the board.

Commodore Peck related how he ventured forth to do missionary work as the spokesman of the commission assigned to visit Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Scandinavian countries in behalf of the fair. His *modus operandi* in exploiting the exposition was to keep away from "mice, ants and fleas" in foreign officialdom. He decided that he would keep on the trail of "lions and elephants."

Czar Alexander III, father of the late Nicholas, was the first lion that Commodore Peck started out to hunt. Red tape, petty officialdom, guards and cossacks, clogged every pathway.

Charlemagne Tower, the American Ambassador, told Mr. Peck that it was practically useless to attempt to see the Czar. He couldn't be seen and that was all there was to the matter. Mr. Peck did not agree with the Ambassador. He told Mr. Tower that he would see the Czar before he left St. Petersburg, and explained that he was going to get the Czar to indorse the World's Columbian Exposition by the issuance of a royal proclamation urging Russian manufacturers to exhibit at the fair.

Commodore Peck had heard that the Czar and Czarina were to attend a religious function in the cathedral on a certain Sunday, and betook himself to the great bridge which spans the Neva, and over which he knew the Czar's entourage must pass on the way from the cathedral.

Dressed in frock coat and wearing the white silk hat that later attracted much interest in various European capitals, the Commodore introduced himself to the Cossack chief of police who, with his mounted aids, stood guard on the bridge. The chief surveyed Mr. Peck with an occult eye and then proceeded to search him, lest he might prove to be a new



FERDINAND W. PECK

*Chicago's second oldest native-born citizen, and one of its best known and most highly esteemed residents*

species of Nihilist who had designs on the Czar's life. When the chief was shown the Commodore's credentials, bearing the official seal of the United States and the signature of President Benjamin Harrison, he became tractable.

When the royal party approached the bridge in their carriages, the Commodore was standing beside the chief of police, who sat astride his horse. The bridge, which was a half mile long, had been cleared of all traffic. Mr. Peck was the only civilian on the bridge—and was expecting every minute to be ordered away. He saw plainly that the chief was struggling with conflicting thoughts as the vehicles rolled forward.

Suddenly without awaiting any signal from the chief, Mr. Peck stepped out on the middle of the bridge and raised his hand. Czar Alexander's carriage stopped.

The chief of police dashed forward in an attempt to intercept the persistent Yankee, but it was too late. Mr. Peck had gone around quickly to the side of the carriage and was shaking the Czar's hand. The Emperor of all Russia was very affable. He had fallen a victim to the compelling force of Mr. Peck's character. Mr. Peck presented his credentials and stated his business apropos of the World's Columbian Exposition.

"Certainly I'll issue the proclamation. It will be published in all the Russian newspapers," he said.

Then the Czar laughed and appeared greatly amused.

"Tell me?" he ejaculated. "How did you ever manage to get on this bridge?"

Mr. Peck was about to explain when the Czar interrupted: "Let me present you to the Czarina."

The latter occupied a carriage directly behind the Czar's vehicle. She extended her hand, smiling graciously, and the Commodore engaged her in conversation for fully ten minutes. He referred to the friendly relations between Russia and America and concluded with an eloquent tribute to the beauty and grace of Russian womanhood, which greatly pleased Her Majesty.

He then bade the Czar and Czarina adieu, and the royal party went forward.

The chief of police offered Mr. Peck a cigarette. "You are one wonderful American!" he exclaimed.

Commodore Peck's will and persistency were well illustrated when he went to Sweden after his Russian trip. He proceeded to Stockholm, intent upon persuading King Oscar to endorse the Columbian Exposition among Swedish and Norwegian business men, and have the royal endorsement published in the newspapers of Sweden and Norway.

Arriving at the Swedish capital, Commodore Peck and his party found that the King had left for Gothenburg, preparatory to going on a two weeks' cruise on the royal yacht.

Mr. Peck took the next train for Gothenburg, where he called upon the Mayor, who received him very cordially.

"I am sorry, Mr. Peck, but I don't think you'll see the King," the Mayor said. "His majesty is now on board the royal yacht in the harbor and may sail this afternoon. The orders are that he is not to be disturbed."

Mr. Peck smiled his compelling smile, full of the Yankee persistency.

"Mr. Mayor, I realize the importance of your remarks, but, nevertheless, would you like to see the King?"

"Well," laughed the Mayor, "I am always happy to see King Oscar."

"If you'll come with me," declared Mr. Peck, "you will see him. I'm going out to that yacht. I have official business of vast importance—too important to permit of delay. It means millions of dollars to Swedish industries. I shall see your splendid King within an hour from now. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"The naval officers on board the yacht will not let us go aboard," said the Mayor, "but just to please you, Mr. Peck, I will accompany you."

The Peck party and the Mayor climbed into an electric launch and were conveyed to the yacht. The chief officer of the deck was hailed, and addressed by the Mayor on behalf of Mr. Peck, but the officer shook his head gravely, declaring that the King's orders were that he would see no visitors, and besides he was asleep.

The officer spoke excellent English and Mr. Peck asked him if he would permit them to see the upper deck of the yacht.

The officer finally assented. Once on board, Mr. Peck proceeded to ingratiate himself with the officer and impressed him with the importance of his mission to Sweden.

"And now," said Mr. Peck, drawing out his credentials signed by the President of the United States, "I want you to take this to His Majesty."

The officer went below. In a few moments he returned and announced that the King would see Mr. Peck at once.

"Come on, Mr. Mayor," laughed Mr. Peck, "I told you you would see the King."

King Oscar and Commodore Peck became friends instantly. The King extended royal Swedish hospitality to him and his party, including, of course, the Mayor of Gothenburg. The rarest wine was quaffed and the finest cigars were smoked in the King's cabin.

The King and Mr. Peck chatted together for several hours and King Oscar was so pleased with the American who had defied rules and regulations and come aboard that he invited him to remain and enjoy a cruise in Baltic waters, which extended thru the greater part of the afternoon and evening.

"King Oscar, as I remember him," said Mr. Peck, "stood over six feet tall, and was one of the finest specimens of manhood I ever saw. He was a king, every inch. He spoke twelve languages fluently, including English. Needless to say, I got his indorsement for the Columbian Exposition, and his proclamation was duly printed in the newspapers of the Scandinavian peninsula."

\* \* \* \*

King Christian of Denmark, who was called the grandfather of Europe, was the next lion Mr. Peck started out to hunt. This monarch's moral support in exploiting the exposition among Danish business interests was essential. Commodore Peck secured the hearty co-operation of Hon. Clark D. Carr, the American Minister at Copenhagen, who arranged for an audience with the King. His majesty immediately caught the import of his mission and its relation to the industrial interests of the kingdom, and promised his unqualified indorsement, which was soon afterward published in the Danish press.

King Christian invited Mr. Peck to be his guest for a week at the Royal Palace. The invitation was accepted. The royal host and his American guest grew to be boon companions. They dined, wine, smoked, walked and rode together. They discussed current events, touched on affairs of state and exchanged jokes and anecdotes.

On the day when they went partridge shooting on the royal preserves, Mr. Peck soon discovered that he was a better shot than his host. The King would blaze away and hit one bird to every three by the commodore. The latter had previously learned the King prided himself on marksmanship.

"This won't do," thought Mr. Peck. "I'm the King's guest and it wouldn't be the polite thing to take his shooting reputation away from him on his own preserves."

And so the gentleman from Chicago missed enough of the birds to let the King catch up.

At the end of the day's sport King Christian had killed a dozen more partridges than his guest. Thus his shooting prestige was saved and held intact by Yankee diplomacy.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Peck upon concluding his work in the Scandinavian countries visited London, where he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. A garden fete at Hatfield House was given in honor of Mr. Peck and his party by Lord Salisbury, then Premier of Great Britain, and Lady Salisbury.

These exploits helped to make the Columbian Exposition, and the Columbian Exposition gave Chicago a push toward becoming one of the foremost cities. The heart of the greatest farm products center of the world has become one of the world's greatest market centers, and it is the spirit of Chicago, expressed in the motto "I will," that has inspired her citizens, native-born and adopted, to claim and win for Chicago the distinction that was dreamed of by the sturdy pioneers who declared "In this swamp a great city shall be builded."



*Everybody Takes an Interest in*

# Affairs and Folks

*Gossip About People who are Doing  
Worth-while Things in the World*



LD newspaper men—more especially the Washington correspondents—are fond of telling of the remarkable energy and vitality displayed by the late Theodore Roosevelt in his speeches, executive work and everyday life.

Now they have a new idol placed before them in no other than the latter's closest friend, admirer and follower, Leonard Wood, who is seeking the Republican nomination for president.

"I've followed them both in their hikes, but give me Roosevelt every time!" said a veteran journalist, who has campaigned with presidents and presidential candidates for more than thirty years, and who is about ready to take life easy.

He went on to illustrate how at one of the Plattsburg camps during field exercises a heavy storm came up during the next to the last day of the hike. General Wood rode along the column and informed all unit commanders it had been decided to terminate the exercises and the command would march to Plattsburg that day.

Every one expected to see Wood drive away in his car, but on reaching the head of the column, he dismounted and dismissed the machine.

"I'll set the pace," he declared.

He led the march of fourteen miles thru the mud and rain. The pace he set was a killing one. The column was "all in" when led back to camp. But General Wood, as far as outward appearances were concerned, was as fresh as when the long march started. He immediately plunged into some other important work that demanded his attention.

His ability and willingness to get out and do the same disagreeable task that his men were forced to do was another point that endeared him to those serving under him.

This same correspondent, who is now touring the states with General Wood, incident to his campaign, is authority for the statement that he has seen General Wood work eighteen hours straight, without a stop, lie down on a cot for two hours' sleep and then resume his labors where he left off, displaying the same amount of energy and vitality that marked his work twenty hours previous.

Only recently on a tour of South Dakota, General Wood had undergone a strenuous day, visiting several cities and making speeches "between stops." He was on his way to the hotel at Sioux Falls to get some much needed rest, preparing for his evening speech, when a soldier on crutches approached.

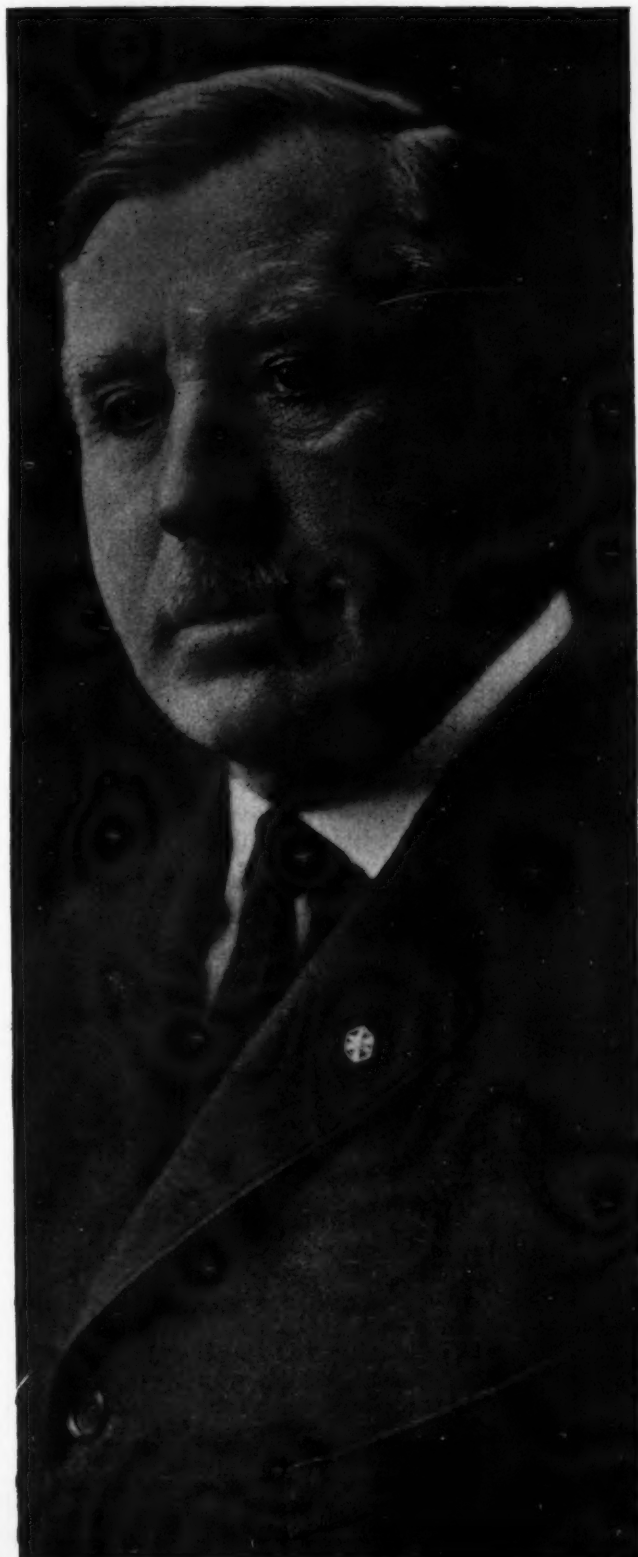
"General," said the soldier, after he had stopped and saluted, "There are twenty wounded soldiers in the hospital here and we would like to have you visit us before you leave the city. Do you think you can arrange it?"

"There is nothing to arrange," was General Wood's reply, "I'll go right now."

General Wood invited the soldier into the machine with him and ordered the driver to go to the hospital, where he spent more than an hour, going from there direct to the hall where he made his speech.

Altho an indefatigable worker, General Wood is very considerate of the men with whom he is associated. Members of his staff say that he is "kinder to his aides than his aides are to him."

During the war, while Wood was traveling in France as an observer, he was in a little compartment in a railroad car. It was crowded. Everyone had had a hard day. A youngster on the seat with the general fell asleep and slipped down until



Copyright  
Walinger, Chicago MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD



his head and body were on the seat and his feet trailing on the floor. In his sleep he raised his feet and put them on the seat against the General.

An aide started to awaken the boy, but Wood checked him. He lifted the youngster's feet into his lap and then went to sleep himself.



DR. F. L. THOMSON

*Texas oil magnate and organizer of the Grayburg Oil Company*

Dealing more with the humane side of General Wood's life, the following story is told by members of his party during a recent trip east. There had been a blizzard and the train was more than eighteen hours late. A civilian, who was traveling with General Wood wandered thru the car and sat down beside a despondent looking soldier boy.

"This storm is sure going to put me in the guard house," the soldier confided. My pass has expired and it will be several hours more before I can get to camp."

The passenger took the boy up to the other end of the the car where Wood sat and explained the situation.

"Give me your pass, sergeant," the General requested, and wrote on the back of it: "The same storm has delayed me thirteen hours, too. Leonard Wood."

"Perhaps they'll think you're fooling them, sergeant," General Wood said, "and so when you turn in your pass, give them my card, too."

The sergeant went back to his seat and for an hour grinned out at the driving snow-storm. His troubles were over.

General Wood is credited with having prepared the only American division—the eighty-ninth—that needed no further training after reaching France. He was in tears when the members of the division left, leaving him behind to continue his work of preparing other units for service overseas. His farewell address to his officers and men is still remembered:

"You are going 'over there,'" was his preface. "So live that you go over clean and sound. You will feel a lot better when you go up against Death some day, if you have been a clean and decent man."

"Do not forget this: Respect your uniform. Do not take it where you would not take the women of your family. It is the uniform of your country. Thousands of our men have died in it. Thousands more will. Keep it clean."

IT is not such a long jump from medicine to being an oil magnate as one might think. Oil is a fickle and whimsical element and showers favors on rare individuals in all walks of life, occasionally going out of the way to enrich some already comfortable engineer, lawyer or doctor. In Texas, oil has made millionaires multi-millionaires, and placed thousands of the well-to-do on the high road to financial independence.

Years ago when the Spindle Top field at Beaumont was tossing liquid gold into the lap of operators and investors, Dr. F. L. Thomson was interested in a little company known as the Grayburg Oil Company—a small company and of short life, but one that made money "hand over fist" as long as it lasted. Dr. Thomson could never quite shake off the sentimental attachment for the name "Grayburg," which would just as easily fit a fine bird dog or a winning race horse; so when the Somerset field near San Antonio was discovered Dr. Thomson was among the first to get in, and organized the Grayburg Oil Company with a capital of one million dollars. In 1917 he started drilling shallow wells until today the company has about thirty producing wells and is operating its own refinery. The Grayburg Refinery has a daily capacity of eighteen hundred barrels, and in addition to utilizing the oil from its own wells, is the largest buyer in the local field from other operators. Grayburg oil is also distributed thruout Texas by modern filling stations bearing the distinctive trademark of "Santone" products. The company has a large casing-head plant with a capacity of two hundred and fifty million cubic feet a day, and two gallons to each thousand cubic feet of gas.

Recently the Grayburg completed a four-inch pipe line from the Somerset field to San Antonio, and with a fleet of about thirty tank cars is able to transport its own products to the oil markets of the world.

The Somerset oil field near San Antonio is the newest Texas field, and, according to experienced and successful oil men, the most promising. The life of the wells in Somerset, which is a shallow pool, is practically interminable, and Dr. Thomson believes it will yet prove one of the largest pools in Texas. His company is now preparing to make a deep test on their Somerset holdings, which is expected to result in deep oil. Other large companies have entered the field since the development pioneered by the Grayburg, and hundreds of wells are now being drilled. With the bringing in of deep oil, which is almost a certainty, San Antonio bids fair to become one of the world's greatest oil fields.

\* \* \* \*

AMONG the women who have recently been brought into prominence in political life, Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald of Boston is especially distinguished and fitted by her training to be of real service to the party of her choice. Mrs. FitzGerald first came into prominence as a leader in the Democratic party campaigning in the far West for President Wilson, and again at the recent Democratic National Committee Meeting at Washington, where she served as Associate Democratic National Committeewoman from Massachusetts and was present at the Jackson Day dinner.

Shortly after her return from Washington the State Democratic Committee appointed her chairman of the Women's Division of the Democratic Committee of Massachusetts.

The daughter of Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., Mrs. FitzGerald was born in Boston in 1871. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1893, and then spent several years in educational work, being during a part of that period head of Fiske Hall at Barnard College, and afterward head resident of Richmond Hill Settlement House in New York City.

Mrs. FitzGerald has always been interested in industrial conditions, was on original New York Child Labor Committee, and active in the passage of the first Child Labor legislation and a cognate Compulsory Education law. She has for years been on Executive Committee of the Boston Women's Trade Union League, and is chairman of the Massachusetts Committee on Industrial Conditions of Women and Children.

An ardent suffragist, Mrs. FitzGerald has been among the leaders of that cause both nationally and in Massachusetts.

She was recording secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association for five years; executive secretary of the Boston Equal Suffrage Association for three years, and of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association for one year. She has done active suffrage campaigning in all the New England states, also in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Iowa. A leading outdoor speaker, her campaign work has always been brilliant and effective.

Mrs. FitzGerald has always been greatly interested in school affairs and made a spectacular run for election to the Boston School Committee, which, tho not successful, resulted in the placing of a woman on the committee for the first time since its reorganization. As a sign of the times, the selection of women like Mrs. FitzGerald to fill important political offices, indicates the desire of men to bring into politics and government without delay women who can give effective council.

\* \* \* \*

SHADES of the centuries past seemed to appear when I held in my hand a copy of a daily paper published in Palestine. In the very month that claims the birthday of Christ, the first daily newspaper in the English language was launched in Jerusalem, edited and published by Americans with the co-operation of the British authorities. It was known as the *Jerusalem Daily News*, published on every week day—respecting the Sabbath of ancient Israel. Five of the twelve pages contain the announcements of American business firms which is an indication of the purpose of American business not to lag in effort for export trade. What a contrast to the manner and method of heralding news from that of centuries past! Events now recorded in the book of books was at one time daily news for the people of Jerusalem. Thru this newspaper and the direct line of steamers plying between New York and Alexandria, Egypt, we may find Palestine restocked with hardware, machinery, leather, books, cloth and clothing coming from the New World—a turn of the tides since Columbus steered his caravels to the West in search of a new trade route to India. The caravans from the East that lazily swung thru the gates of Jerusalem are now supplanted by the screeching locomotive—and the forerunner of trade is advertising and exploitation as embodied in this unique American enterprise.

\* \* \* \*

QUITE the most wonderful of all aviation achievements is the recent exploit of Major R. W. Schroeder, chief test pilot of the Air Service, at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, who on February 27 attained an altitude more than five thousand feet higher than the world's record.

The imagination of the layman, unversed in the mechanics of aviation, and unacquainted with the physical and mental strain attendant upon such an undertaking, can scarcely grasp the meaning of the terrific struggle with the elements from which Major Schroeder miraculously emerged alive.

The mere recital of the bare facts of his journey above the clouds to a greater distance from the earth than any other



Copyright,  
Harris & Ewing

MRS. S. W. FITZGERALD  
Prominent Massachusetts suffragist

human being has ever been, as recorded by the scientific instruments upon his machine, reads like a chapter from Jules Verne's "Journey to the Moon."

Major Schroeder's duties as chief test pilot require him to go to great altitudes for scientific data, and modern inventions unthought of in the early history of aviation not only made his record-breaking flight possible, but enabled him to return to earth with an accurate scientific record of his accomplishment.

Wearing an oxygen tank of his own invention, and dressed warmer than any Polar explorer ever was, in fur-lined, electric flying suit, helmet, gloves and moccasins, Major Schroeder battled for more than two hours against changing air currents and in a bitterly cold atmosphere until he reached an altitude of 36,130 feet (nearly seven miles above the earth), where, in a Polar climate registering sixty-seven degrees below zero, buffeted by the wind Peary encountered, that blows at the rate of a hundred miles an hour or more, his physical senses numbed and his eyes frozen and closed, his oxygen tanks became exhausted and he suddenly lost consciousness, due to the carbon monoxide poison from the exhaust gases of the engine.

Out of this great void of frozen silence, never before entered by man, his machine, in a comet-like flight toward the earth, fell in a nose dive a distance of more than five miles in the space of two minutes (part of this drop at the rate of three



MAJOR R. W. SCHROEDER

Chief test pilot of the United States Air Service, who, at McCook Field, Ohio, broke the world's record for altitude



hundred miles per hour), bearing with it the unconscious aviator. Thousands of spectators watching the fall of the plane from the heavens, indeed believed for a time that they were witnessing the flight of a comet toward the earth because of the trail of grayish vapor escaping from the machine.

At a distance of two thousand feet above the earth the sudden change in the air pressure, from less than three pounds at



OTTO H. KAHN

*One of world's greatest authorities on banking and problems of taxation*

an altitude of thirty-six thousand feet, to 14.76 pounds at sea level, crushed the gasoline tanks on the machine and jolted Major Schroeder into momentary consciousness.

With the instinctive movements of the trained aviator he righted the plane, regained control, and effected a safe landing before relapsing again into unconsciousness. Mechanics and officers, rushing toward the plane as it settled gracefully upon the field, found Major Schroeder sitting erect with his numbed hands grasping the control levers, and apparently lifeless. After lifting him from the machine and administering first aid treatment, he was taken to the post hospital and received all the care that medical science could devise. A letter recently received by the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE from Major Schroeder states that he has recovered sufficiently from his thrilling experience to sit up, and can see a little, which encourages his friends to hope that the intrepid aviator will soon be able to go in search of other secrets of the air.

\* \* \* \*

IF there is one man in the United States who understands "Taxation" from every angle, that man is Otto H. Kahn, and his recent address in New York is a revelation of the inequities of modern taxation. He is not the one to advocate a plan which shall spare wealth from its full share of bearing the burdens, but he does recognize the teaching of history, economics and practical experience in devising systems that will

bring about good results for all, and establish a system that is commended for its equity rather than its drastic qualities. He has pointed out the three factors that brought about economic disturbance: First, the urgency of the world's demand for raw materials; second, inflation; and, third, faulty taxation.

There are about fourteen billion dollars of tax bonds outstanding, apart from the partially exempt Liberty Bonds, and it is not feasible in any way to remove the tax exemption from such bonds. Why exempt securities of the favored class? It shows that a person having bonds in the high taxable class would have to make seventeen per cent in order to equal the four and one-half tax-exempt bond. This is not taking account of the excess profit tax. In other words, it seems to strangle the initiative impulse in the securities that are building up and placing a premium on those that represent dead wealth. The unparalleled system of taxation at this time is bound to kill the goose that lays the golden egg; for it supports the flow of capital and we cannot return to normal conditions until the investment market also becomes normal. The aspiration to become the greatest financial market of the world, Mr. Kahn points out, has been strangled in its cradle, because a broad, active and representative investment market is indispensable, and under our present income tax, private capital cannot be expected to invest in foreign securities to any extent, and banks will also be unable to. Consequently, enterprises are hampered and production is retarded. Steady, reasonable and active enterprises are, after all, the only guide. Government greed, like private greed, is apt to over-reach itself, and to see millions of dollars squandered by the government is not apt to inspire people to invest in government securities, especially when tax exemption is unfair to all enterprises creating the wealth that will be depended upon to ultimately pay taxation that is even exacted from the tax exempt securities.

\* \* \* \*

JEAN PRESCOTT ADAMS of Chicago knows every calorie and food unit by its first name. When the Savings Division of the United States Treasury Department sent out its call to the women's organization to "keep books" on the kitchen from January 1 to June 1, Miss Adams immediately called the Chicago members of the National Woman's Association of Commerce together, and, as a result, her knowledge of food values is at the disposal of any woman in the land who needs it.

Miss Adams is widely known, and one of the first moves was the giving of demonstrations to club women of Chicago.

"The greatest big business on earth," says Miss Adams. "Nothing else is so important for the correct operation of the American home, the greatest bulwark we have against unrest.



*Chicago club women getting "thought for food" from Jean Prescott Adams (on right of picture), noted food economic expert*

The American home is the greatest force in the campaign for Americanization. The National Woman's Association of Commerce long recognized this and it will be fully discussed at our annual meeting at Columbus, Ohio, in July."

\* \* \* \*

WHEN I saw the annual report of the American Sugar Refinery, I thought of the man who signed it, Earl D. Babst. If there ever was a time when the sugar question was uppermost in the minds of the people, it was during and since



the war, and when I talked with him about sugar, I felt I was very near the source of real information. It seemed, indeed, like passing thru the eye of a needle to realize that the refiners' profit means a ten-penny nail for every half pound of sugar, that a blotter thrown away equals the profit on three-quarters of a pound, that a stenographer's notebook will pay the refiners' profit on eighteen pounds of sugar, and that a ball of twine will equal ninety pounds of sugar. These facts made profits look so infinitesimal that I asked for a microscope before reading the report, which indicated that the refiners' profit for 1919 was three-tenths of a cent per pound, for the company had to refine five pounds of sugar to make a refiners' profit equal to a refiners' margin on one pound. But when it comes to the volume of business, that is another story.

The increase in volume of business from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 as compared to 1918 made the operating profit on each dollar a margin so narrow as to be an even break of three cents on every dollar. The company's share of the sugar business in the United States fell from sixty per cent in 1900 to twenty-seven per cent in 1919. For the first time the consumption in the United States exceeded four million tons, which was two hundred thousand more than 1915, the highest previous year. Half the sugar consumed in 1919 came from Cuba, one-fourth from Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and one-fourth from domestic cane and beet in the United States.

Mr. Babst as president represents over twenty thousand stockholders with average holdings of forty-four shares each. All of the employees of the company are insured with policies aggregating nearly \$6,000,000, one of the largest single policies ever written. The Pension fund pays out nearly \$600,000 and over \$150,000 in sick benefits.

The reports contain not only the figures, but the charts that illuminate the processes of sugar refining and make it look like a real geography or text-book, even showing a map of the United States revealing competitive conditions.

The original plant in Boston, built during the Civil War by

Seth Adams, who later sold to Captain Joseph B. Thomas, father of Washington B. Thomas, at present a vice-president of the company, is to be increased, making this institution one of the largest, as well as the oldest, industrial plants in New England.

It will be a difficult matter to convince the average housewife that there is not a "nigger in the woodpile," for she knows that the price is nineteen cents now and was four or five cents more during the war. Altho it is a small fraction of the grocery bill, it is the one thing that stands out in a barometer of prices, altho it may represent but five per cent or ten per cent of the grocery or living expenses, but it is the particular per cent on sugar on which the average housewife keeps her eye. It is doubtful if Mr. Hoover is any more popular with the housewife than my friend, Earl Babst, and yet Mr. Hoover aspires to the nomination for



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

EARL D. BABST

President of the American Sugar Refinery

president with women voting in the United States, but to my mind Babst has the figures and the facts that would win the commendation of the housewife if they only knew who is getting the money represented in the boost of prices that seem all out of proportion.

The increased demand for sugar was occasioned by the adoption of prohibition, for men who cannot get liquor naturally turn to sweets and the confectioners are having their harvest. But price or no price, the American will have and is entitled to his sugar, but the increased consumption does not seem thus far to have sweetened or soothed the public mind to any great extent. In political dentistry the sweet tooth remains a problem and a perplexity for Uncle Sam.

\* \* \* \*

**W**OMEN have already proved the merits of their claims for participation in the medical science. Whether giving firstaid on the battlefields or ministering to wounds of soldiers and sailors in hospitals, the unselfish and sympathetic service



DR. LOUISE M. INGERSOLL

Physician of American Red Cross Hospital on Russian Island

of women nurses and doctors is a particularly fine chapter of her achievements in the recent world war.

An illustration, distinguished by its unusual aspects, is that of Dr. Louise M. Ingersoll who, as a physician of the American



MISS ETHEL TERRELL  
*County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Buncombe  
County, North Carolina*

Red Cross Hospital on Russian Island, ministered to nineteen different nationalities, including patients from the camps of the common enemy.

After contributing to the partial recovery of the maimed, Dr. Ingersoll accompanied one thousand and fifty crippled and invalided Czechs from the Russian Island Hospital to Prague, making the trip via the United States.

"Naval officers in charge of the transport," says this woman physician, "who had heard we were bringing a lot of Bolsheviks, found instead of the dreaded 'Reds' well-behaved, peaceful, singing groups of soldiers."

\* \* \* \*

DREAMS of the old days in Greece are awakened every time I view a bit of sculpture that seems to speak. When I looked upon the bronze bust of my friend, Samuel C. Dobbs, unveiled by his daughter, Miss Mildred, at Dobbs Hall in Emory University, he seemed to have a word of greeting. The bust, presented by his business associates, evoked a most expressive tribute from the university for the help he has given this institution in assisting boys to an education which he was denied.

Now many years ago I met in Atlanta a young business man. He could blend philosophy and business in conversation. Travelling about the country night and day with the flush of a crusader upon his cheek he not only sold his product, but inspired high ideals in business activities. As president of the American Advertising Association, his administration marked

a new era in commercial ethics. As busy as he was he was ever ready with his message of ideals. His eyes reflected a reminiscent glow when he told me of the early struggles of the farmer's boy and paid his tribute to his dog—his companion during the lonely, hard-working days as a boy on the farm, and his tribute to his mother was an eloquent indication of the source of his idealism. Since that time Samuel Dobbs has become a national character. In season and out of season he was an ardent advocate of clean advertising, which has come about since he took up the work.

The statue was accepted by Bishop Warren A. Candler, chancellor of Emory University, who commended the example of Mr. Dobbs for his help in the up-building of an institution of learning, and emphasizing that, altho denied the opportunity of education for himself, he was anxious to provide it for others, and he still lived to see the good that it would bring. Mr. Francis E. Getty of Boston, paid a tribute to Joseph Pollia, who modeled the bronze bust. It was altogether an occasion that indicated how the works of art and the ideals of education have come close to the hearts of the successful business men of America today. Samuel Dobbs has certainly left his impress upon his day and generation, and carried out without reserve



MISS MILDRED DOBBS  
*Unveiling the bronze bust of her father at the Emory University*

the ideals and dreams with which he started in the days when he was building up a great business—a business in which he proved himself not only a success but an inspiration to others.

\* \* \* \*

MISS ETHEL TERRELL of Asheville, has recently been appointed county superintendent of Public Instruction of Buncombe County, North Carolina. She is the first woman in the state, and probably in the South, ever elected to fill this office. Miss Terrell has been assistant, to W. H. Hipps, the superintendent, for the past six years. For the past few months she has been supervisor of rural schools, doing creditable work. Miss Terrell is thoroly familiar with all phases of the school work in the county in which she received this appointment.

*No Stormy Winter enters here*

## The New Texas Wonderland

*How silt-soil Valley of the Rio Grande has been transformed by irrigation into a perennial Eldorado, where every day is a day of seed-time and harvest and all seasons summer*

By EVERETT LLOYD



**W**HAT and where is this new Texas Wonderland—this magical and fabled Eldorado which we thought existed only in the minds of the early Spanish conquerors—this California in miniature which has recently undergone the most intensive and diversified development ever witnessed in American rural life, and is attracting vast hordes of the most progressive and successful farmers from the middle western and eastern states?

The magnitude and variety of this development is almost inconceivable, and it is by way of answering some of the foregoing questions and in anticipation of others of a similar nature that this is written, and, it might be added, after a second trip to the Rio Grande Valley, where the writer had every opportunity to interview representative farmers and business men. On my first visit, to the valley I was inexpressibly surprised—it was almost too wonderful to be true. It was only after a second visit that I could get the proper perspective and realize the truth of all I had heard and seen. And now for the truth of what has aptly been described as the "Magic Valley of the Rio Grande."

Geographically and historically, the Rio Grande Valley consists of the extreme southern and southwestern part of the state of Texas, and contains about five thousand square miles. The Rio Grande (Big River), which divides Mexico from Texas, has created the valley and its boundary on the south and west. Rio Grande City, 105 miles northwest from Brownsville, is the apex of the delta and the Gulf of Mexico is what may be considered its base. This is what is known as the Rio Grande Valley proper.

But that part of the valley with which we are here concerned is an area of 840 square miles lying in Hidalgo and Cameron counties, and which today presents the appearance of the most permanently and highly developed section of the citrus region of California—a section of country claimed by citrus and agricultural experts to be superior to any land in California or Florida for the purposes selected. But we should bear in mind that the part of the Rio Grande Valley about which I am writing was a barren wilderness a few years ago—uncleared, uncultivated, practically abandoned. Now—thanks to the magic of irrigation—some of the improved lands are being sold for two thousand dollars an acre, and unimproved lands are selling for from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars an acre. Owing to the wonderful fertility of the soil and its almost perennial productivity, many predict that improved lands in the Rio Grande Valley will sell for five, eight and ten thousand dollars an acre within five years. No such fabulous advances in land values within such a brief period have ever been known before, with the possible exception of certain rare instances in California.

Picture a large self sustaining, self supporting and independent citrus, farming, dairying and agricultural community, peopled by the best orange and grape-fruit farmers of California or Florida, the most expert dairy farmers of Wisconsin and Iowa, the most successful farmers of Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois and Indiana, with a liberal sprinkling of alert and progressive business men also from these states and you will get a good impression of the class of people who have bought homes and developed the Rio Grande Valley. It is about the most heterogeneous population that could be imagined. It would be impossible to assemble a group of farmers and expert agriculturists more representative of the states and industries mentioned than the sixty thousand population now represented

in that portion of Hidalgo and Cameron counties embraced in what is now the New Texas Wonderland.

No matter what state one happens to be from, when he lands in the Rio Grande Valley he will not be among strangers. There he will find his friends and former neighbors from Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Oklahoma, Texas, Illinois and Wisconsin. These are the great farming and dairying states, and by them has the Rio Grande Valley been populated. This explains in a way the high type of citizenship, culture and enterprise one finds in this new Eldorado.

It requires more than climate or picturesque scenery to lure the average American farmer away from the moorings of a lifetime, where he has friends and acquaintances, financial



*In the Kalbfleisch orange grove in the Rio Grande Valley*

and social standing, sentimental ties and kindred. But in the Rio Grande Valley one will find the most successful farmers of the United States, some young, some old, who have sold their homes in the Middle West to live in this balmy and prolific valley where four crops a year are made, where every day is a "season" of seed-time and harvest and marketing a part of the day's routine.





*Grape fruit raised in the Rio Grande Valley*

What then is the answer to this great influx of prosperous home builders to Texas? Unquestionably it is the money possibilities of increased land values. Nowhere else in the United States are such fabulous prices paid for improved farm lands in a new country. No other section offers such a variety of soil, climate, products, water, transportation facilities, nearness to markets, cheap labor, rapid increase in values. To see lands selling for one and two thousand dollars an acre that a year or two ago could be bought for one hundred and fifty to three hundred is a common experience in the valley. Recently one Rio Grande Valley orange grower sold his fifteen-acre orchard for thirty thousand dollars. This land has been in cultivation less than ten years, the orchard being about eight years old. There are hundreds of other instances where the owners have been offered and refused a similar price per acre for their citrus orchards.

The greatest attractions of the Rio Grande Valley are not its wonderful climate and balmy spring-like atmosphere three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, tho these are attractions; it is not the fact that the land is so rich that any kind of commercial fertilizer is unnecessary; it is not because oranges, grapefruit and lemons are indigenous to the soil; that palm trees abound as prolifically as in Florida or California; that an unlimited supply of cheap labor is to be had the year round; that cold blizzards and extreme heat are unknown. These are all vital factors, but the great allurements are the opportunity to witness and experience an almost unheard of advance in land values. For unimproved land to jump from one hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars an acre to one and two thousand dollars an acre within two and three years is the reason. This is what is actually taking place, and the reason these lands are so valuable is that they will produce three and four crops a year. Given these advantages, combined with an ideal climate, modern cities, fine roads, beautiful homes, schools and churches, good hotels and a high type of constructive citizenship working in harmony toward common ends, and you have the highest civic achievement. Tho new, the towns in the Rio Grande Valley are the most beautiful, the most permanently built, the most modern in Texas. The schools and churches are larger and better built, and teachers

more liberally paid. In short, the towns and communities in the Rio Grande Valley are far ahead of other Texas towns of the same size, and the citizenship of a higher intellectual calibre and more liberal culture. Added to this the people are successful and prosperous—they have to be because it requires money to buy land in the valley, then some to improve it.

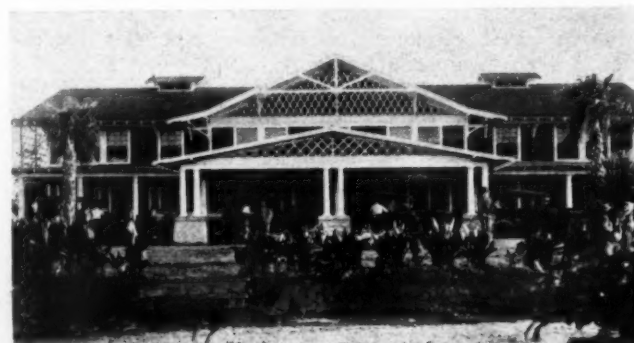
The tillable part of the Rio Grande Valley embraces probably a half million acres, three hundred and fifty thousand of which are capable of the most intensive cultivation. In and near the eight or ten towns from Harlingen to Mission, lying along the Brownsville Road, there reside now probably seventy-five thousand people, practically all new comers. They have bought and improved tracts ranging from twenty to two hundred acres, putting a part of the land in citrus groves, part in fruit and vegetables, reserving the other for the staple crops such as broom corn, cotton, sugar cane, Rhodes grass, alfalfa and dairy crops. Everything grows in the valley and everybody diversifies and practices crop rotation. The growing of grape fruit has assumed the proportions of a great commercial industry, and the soil seems perfectly adaptable for this purpose.

The farmers and citrus growers of the Rio Grande Valley enjoy many advantages—namely, they are eight hundred miles nearer the markets than the California farmer; their crops mature earlier and they are thus able to get top prices for their products. They have an abundant water supply at the minimum rate; they get cash prices for their products at point of shipment and have ample and adequate transportation facilities. They have cheap Mexican labor and a shortage of labor is almost unthinkable. They are near the markets of Houston and San Antonio.

The soil of the Rio Grande Valley is of the nature of silt, having been formed by the waters of the Rio Grande before the present course of the river was determined. This stream is fed by innumerable mountain rivers and affords a perpetual water supply. The American Land and Irrigation Company, which supplies water to the valley farmers, is the second largest irrigation project in the United States. No limit is put on the supply of water used; and the facilities of the company are sufficient to irrigate a section three times the size of the entire



*Hotel Casa De Palmas, McAllen, Texas, the Rio Grande Valley's invitation to the tourist and home-seeker. There is no more modern hotel in Texas. Observe the palms in the foreground*



*Club House of the W. E. Stewart Land Company at Mercedes, Texas, where visitors are entertained on trips to the Rio Grande Valley*

valley. Provision has been made to prevent damage by floods and overflow.

The development of the Rio Grande Valley dates from the building of the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railroad by B. F. Yoakum and associates from Houston to Brownsville. This road is known as the Gulf Coast Lines. The transformation of the valley has been brought about by irrigation, which we all know now to be the scientific way of farming—making the rain fall when and where it is needed. With an ample supply of water, and three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine in which to plant and harvest, the Rio Grande Valley farmer has reduced the drudgery of farm life to the minimum. By being able to diversify his crops he is able to sell something nearly every day in the year, these products in turn being rotated to other crops. In this way the land is brought to a stage of permanent development and kept at its highest peak of production thruout the year, and without the use of fertilizers.

Next to the railroad itself the most important factor in developing the Rio Grande Valley has been the work of the W. E. Stewart Land Company of Kansas City, Missouri.



"Ponderosa" lemons in grove of H. P. Hansen, Pharr, Texas

the largest and most successful land company in America with a sales record to its credit during 1919 of more than \$21,000,000. This amount represents improved and unimproved farm lands in the valley. W. E. Stewart is a former Texas banker who was among the first to see the possibilities of the Rio Grande Valley. He organized the W. E. Stewart Land Company and later the Stewart Farm Mortgage Company, the latter with a paid-up capital of \$1,500,000. He has sold and developed about seventy-five thousand acres. He maintains a payroll of fifteen hundred workmen, engaged in clearing and making ready for cultivation the lands he is selling. With offices in Kansas City, Chicago, Minneapolis and Dallas, his company operates two weekly excursions from these points to the valley, giving home-seekers an opportunity to see the country before buying. The prospectors are the guests of the company and are made up of high class farmers and business men from the middle western states.

The itineraries of the Stewart excursions are so arranged as to furnish relaxation and amusement for the home-seekers and break the monotony of the trips which are made in the company's private cars. Starting at Kansas City the parties

are taken either via Galveston or New Orleans, where a day is spent in sight-seeing. Arriving in the valley, the prospectors become the guests of the company at its club house near Mercedes, the club house being in all respects a modern hotel. Three days are spent in the valley seeing the country. The



The H. P. Hansen farm. Mr. Hansen was a photographer in North Dakota, and was inexperienced as an orange and grape fruit grower. He has made a remarkable success and accumulated a fortune in five years. He recently refused \$2,000 an acre for his place

return trips are usually made by a different route, and in this way the parties are given an opportunity to see practically the entire state of Texas. The excursions are open to any home-seeker who has the means to buy land and is desirous of bettering his condition. The general offices of the W. E. Stewart Land Company are in the Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Chicago branch of the business is handled by DeWitt, Herzog & Sommer, Incorporated, with offices at 25 East Jackson Boulevard. This firm is composed of R. A. DeWitt, William Herzog and A. Sommer, all experienced land men and believers in the future of the Rio Grande Valley. The company operates in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and half of Illinois, and has hundreds of salesmen in these states.

For the benefit of those who have gained their knowledge of Mexican affairs from the newspapers it should be added that in the valley there is no "Mexican problem." As a matter of



The Ware home, one of the most beautiful in the valley

fact one can hear more about this question in the north and east than the people on the border or in the Rio Grande Valley section. The Mexican is a law abiding and conscientious worker, and as a solution of the labor question is one of the great assets of the Texas farmer. Everybody can afford servants in the valley, and farm labor can be had for a dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half per day.





*Talking it over in the good old way*

## The Depreciation of the Dollar

*Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip former President of the National City Bank insists that the people must know the technical side of banking to understand why the value of the dollar goes down*

**T**HESE are the days of asking questions. The mental attitude of the world is one of inquiry. Leaders of the future are going to be the men who can clearly and lucidly answer questions and offer constructive plans. The Sunday forums springing up all over the country, as if by magic, are an evidence of the new order of things. People still want "to know," and the man who knows is the man they want to hear to gain the power of knowledge. In every city, village, and hamlet over the country, public discussion reflects the spirit of the old New England town meeting where the Yankee ejaculation of "I want to know" became American vernacular.

In the historic Old South Meeting House in Boston, near the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born, where the British officers stabled their horses, where the eloquent voices of Adams and of Otis rang out in their appeals for freedom from the tyranny of taxation without representation, forums are held every Sunday afternoon. High up in the pulpit of this historic shrine Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip faced a throng that filled every foot of space and overflowed into the street. His message,



FRANK A. VANDERLIP

*Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and president of the National City Bank, New York, who is now on his way to personally study financial and social problems in the Orient, as he has in Europe, in reference to future conditions of the United States*

delivered in a simple direct manner, riveted the attention of every auditor with even more intensity than the fiery eloquence of Revolutionary heroes.

His subject was "The Depreciation of the Dollar," and the interest reflected in the faces of that audience indicated that the dollar and economic relations have much to do with the spiritual welfare and aspirations of the people. With few gestures, maintaining colloquial contact, he presented the technical side of finance and banking as it has never been presented before, with the grip and continuity of a moving picture in which all were taking part. With almost impassioned emphasis he insisted "you must know and learn something of the technical side of banking in order to understand your own necessities and not misjudge those who do understand."

As simply as if he were relating a fireside story, he portrayed the world situation and brought home its relation to every person in that assemblage, from gallery to the man peering in the half-opened door from the street. Summed up, the situation was declared a question of production. Inflation was the red-light danger signal to be watched. He urged, not so much help for other governments, as help for the manufacturers with raw materials to resume activity and relieve the stagnation that comes with inflation. His closing sentences will never be forgotten. From this pulpit a business man delivered an appeal that went to the hearts of his hearers. When he insisted that the solution must come from the spiritual awakening of the people to a measure of sacrifice in peace as well as in war times, he sounded the high note of future progress.

Hundreds who had remained standing during the hour of his address remained for another hour to ask questions. From the remotest corners of the galleries to those directly below he replied to every interrogation as if he were sitting down and talking the matter over face to face with his interrogators. Many of the questions indicated that the misinformation which he kindly corrected and which some people had used in discussing these all-important questions was working mischief among sincere people. There was a serious, sober atmosphere about this gathering that comported with traditions of the Old South Meeting House. As the gray twilight shadows of that Sunday afternoon came thru the windows one was reminded of similar gatherings in centuries past. It was altogether one of the hopeful signs of the future.

If millions of people could hear addresses like the one delivered by Mr. Vanderlip that Sunday afternoon, there would be a transformation of public sentiment even more startling than the spirit of unity and self-sacrifice manifested during the war. There was even a suggestion among these inquirers of people giving up their government bonds if necessary to relieve the strain and stress of our government in protecting itself and continuing to help other struggling nations. But Mr. Vanderlip did, after all, prove to be the greatest optimist in the room, despite the fact that he had dealt in cold and unwelcome facts. He always seems in advance of the prevalent public opinion in surveying accurately cause and effect, without depending on spasmodic impulse or emotion to accomplish what rugged common sense will do. His faith in America and in humanity at large was unswerving, but not expressed in words of trite flattery.

Many a man and woman in that audience thought that if there could be a man of the vision and executive capacity of Mr. Vanderlip directing the financial and economic policies of this nation it would inspire a spirit of (Continued on page 91)



# San Antonio, Where Nature Plays

Quaint and historic city internationally famous  
as the "world's playground," now looms to  
the fore as one of the most productive oil fields

## Spendthrift

By EVERETT LLOYD

"San Antonio, the Sweetheart of the South and West, with Lovers from the North and East."—MACLYN ARBUCKLE



SAN ANTONIO—the most beautiful and euphonic name ever given to an American city—is steeped in tradition, patriotism, history and romance. It is a blend of six civilizations, retaining a dash of the old with all the modernity of the present. One could love San Antonio for its name alone, without its sunshine and flowers, the bracing air, the parks, rivers, and freaks of nature, and the almost perfect climate. To hear a native pronounce the name properly—"San An-ton-ee-o"—is a thrill unforgettable and a memory; but to say "San Antone" is the mark of the provincial and the jayhawker, whose crime is equal to the small town visitor who speaks of his visit to "New Orleans."

When all other remedies fail, "Go to San Antonio" has been the last resort and favorite prescription of the medical profession since the tubercular bug was discovered. But here let

citizen—notably the word "maverick," in celebration of a well-known Texas ranchman. San Antonio is the home and workshop of sculptors, authors, musicians, artists and students. From the standpoint of downright human interest it is unique, with an infinite variety of material for the writer and artist. As a final close-up it has a distinct military atmosphere, and army officers, from Robert E. Lee to Generals Funston and Pershing, have left their impress there. What more could the writer want? And just across the way is Mexico, with all its intrigue, plottings, insurrections and international politics.

To recount the history of San Antonio would be to confuse ourselves in a mass of dates and places. The Alamo, the birthplace of Texas liberty and independence, before which millions of pilgrims have bowed their heads in admiration and reverence, is a classic shrine. From Conner's "History of San Antonio" we learn that the first permanent settlement of San Antonio was made at the head of the San Antonio River in 1692; that the first charter to the city was made by the King of Spain in 1733, but that the city proper dates from 1715. From the same book we gather the further significant information that the Menger Hotel was built in 1858; that Joseph Jefferson refused to keep an engagement to play "Rip Van Winkle" a little later because of the lack of railroad accommodations; and that B. F. Yoakum was general manager of the "Sap" lines in 1885. Alex Sweet and J. Armory Knox first launched the inimitable "Texas Siftings" in San Antonio, and later came Brann and O. Henry. The register of the Menger Hotel shows the boyishly scribbled signature of Theodore Roosevelt when he arrived to organize the Rough Riders in the first flush of the Spanish-American war. Celebrities of all kinds, soldiers, sculptors, and writers have called San Antonio home. Here McIntyre and Heath, the comedians, started their careers; Maclyn Arbuckle was born here. J. Frank Davis, the story writer, lives in San Antonio. George Roe, translator of the "Rubaiyat," and one of the great living Persian scholars, runs a book store in the town. Genius thrives in San Antonio.

Famous as a health and pleasure resort, and with a climate that is the envy of all other southern cities, San Antonio did



Residence of Claude Witherspoon—a typical San Antonio home

me interpolate that San Antonio is not a land of lungers—far from it! Health is contagious in this city of perpetual sunshine, with a B. V. D. climate three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; a climate surpassing or at least equal to Colorado in summer and California and Florida in winter. San Antonio is one of the greatest tourist centers of the world, and has probably been visited by more native Americans than any other city in the United States, save, of course, New York, Washington, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco. We are speaking strictly from the tourist and health-seeker standpoint.

San Antonio is a world composite. It has the gallantry of Spain, the chivalry of France, the suavity and urbanity of Italy, the ruggedness of Normandy, the dash, spirit and bravery of the pioneer. It has all the independence, freedom and fellowship which enter into the making of history. The story of San Antonio is history itself, and before one of its shrines, the Alamo, the world lingers. It has missions, temples, cathedrals, parks, homes, hotels, restaurants, antiquities, curio shops, museums, and a heterogeneous population, representing practically every race on the globe, with somewhat of the traits of all. In short, San Antonio is Texas in miniature—the most typical city in Texas; and to be representative of Texas means a variety of things. And remember this: anything one wants can be had in San Antonio. There is a whole literature about the place—books, stories, plays, novels of realism and romance, melodramas and movie settings. San Antonio has been immortalized in fiction. Words, now a part of the English language, have had the honor of being coined in memory of a San Antonio



The Menger Hotel, of historic and hospitable memory. Operated by T. B. Baker and M. B. Hutchins. Here Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders. The Menger is one of the famous hotels of the South

not need an oil discovery boom. Nature had already been too prodigal with this sun-kissed city. Ordinarily oil is found only in those sections wholly unsuitable for any other purpose. The discovery of oil seems to be an Act of Providence



N. H. KING

*President of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, a fine type of constructive business man and city builder. Mr. King is the active head of one of San Antonio's largest business establishments, a prominent Mason and Elk*

sent to save people from starvation, a condition which could not exist here. If ever a country needed oil, it was the other two Texas oil fields—Ranger and Burkburnett. San Antonio is a modern city, with beautiful homes, parks, boulevards, hotels and the center of a rich and prosperous farming, livestock and dairying industry. Then, too, San Antonio is an important manufacturing and wholesale center. It serves as the gateway to Mexico and is the chief distributing point for this country. San Antonio has factories of every kind and is going after more. A half-million-dollar cotton mill is now being built by E. A. Dubose and J. O. Chapman. Large irrigation and reclamation projects are under way; and with the bringing in of deep oil in the Somerset field San Antonio is more than a health resort and tourist point. Millions of dollars are being expended for public improvements by the city and county; another hotel to cost a million dollars is to be built during the

year; a great livestock exhibit and agricultural fair has been inaugurated as an annual event; and with the adjustment of Mexican affairs, San Antonio promises to become one of the most prosperous cities in the South. The United States Government has always recognized the supreme importance of San Antonio, where it has maintained its largest army post at Fort Sam Houston.

According to the 1910 census, San Antonio led all Texas cities in population; and the 1920 census is expected to show a population of approximately two hundred thousand, and still the largest city in Texas.

Public service in San Antonio has kept pace with the rapid development and growth of the community in a very satisfactory manner. Genuine service has been the keynote of public service policy. This, combined with broad-minded management, and a cheerful willingness on the part of the company to assume the inherent duties and obligations of public service has been a potent factor in the upbuilding of a greater San Antonio.

No city can attain normal growth without adequate and efficient public



ELLIOTT JONES

*Young oil magnate, who was one of the pioneer operators in the Somerset field*

service. San Antonio's development within the last decade has been almost abnormal, and in meeting their responsibilities, public service executives have faced a problem of considerable magnitude. A steady ingress of tourists and



JOHN B. CARRINGTON

*Secretary-manager of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and an able journalist and business executive*

health seekers; a gradual awakening of latent industrial activity and the establishment of several large military cantonments, bringing more than one hundred thousand soldiers into the Texas metropolis, all tended to create maximum demands upon public service facilities.

New equipment, increased capacity in gas and electric plants, and rapid construction work were essential to meet these unusual conditions. And, above all, service was imperative. Shortage of material, shortage of labor, and the general unsettled and chaotic conditions that preceded and accompanied the war period, aggravated the situation and made the solution doubly difficult.

That the public service people were able to meet these unusual requirements and continue to maintain their high standard of service to attract industry and homeseekers, reflects considerable credit upon the senior vice-president of the San Antonio Public Service Company, Major W. B. Tuttle, and the junior vice-president and general manager, Mr. E. H. Kifer.

The San Antonio Public Service Company, a subsidiary of the American Light & Traction Company, controls the gas, electric, and street transportation service of the city. San Antonio has

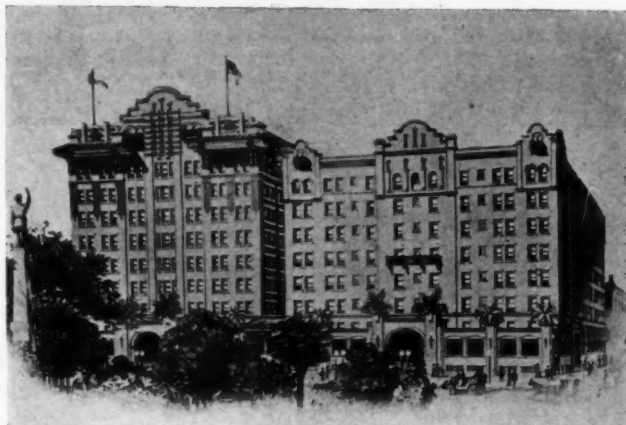


developed from a quaint border town to a flourishing business center, and the splendid and whole-hearted co-operation between the public and the Public Service Company has contributed liberally to this development. There are almost forty thousand consumers of gas and electricity in San Antonio, and the street cars carry about four million passengers a month.

During the war, rates for gas and electric service were increased, but in line with the usual policy of the management, with the conclusion of hostilities, a better fuel contract was obtained, and rates were promptly put back to a pre-war basis. Until very recently street railway fares have been maintained at five cents, but with little hope of lower costs, the company has now established, at the suggestion of the city, a zone system eliminating transfers, in an attempt to obtain relief. The system is being given an equitable trial, and the management earnestly hopes it will not be necessary to increase fares.

San Antonio has one distinct advantage over any other American city—and this is cheap Mexican labor, of which there will never be any shortage, and a class of laborers among whom strikes and labor troubles are unknown. It is strange that more American manufacturers have not realized the importance of this economic factor and established branch factories in San

Antonio, and San Antonio and southwest Texas has been quick to respond with its patronage. The institution has not only been the means of guaranteeing pure milk to San Antonio, but has stimulated the dairy industry among the farmers.



*The fashionable and aristocratic St. Anthony Hotel, operated by T. B. Baker, who also operates the Menger. The St. Anthony is famous for its "Peacock Alley," its concerts and hospitality*

San Antonio's greatest industrial acquisition during the past year was the \$2,000,000 plant of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, with Sam W. Stroud, well-known Texas banker and business man, as president and organizer. This company will soon be making Stroud Tractors in quantity production, and with one exception will be the first tractor factory in the South to enter the manufacturing field on a state-wide and national scale. The demand of farmers for tractors and other automotive farm equipment has so far exceeded the supply that local factories are a necessity, and their production is already pre-empted in advance of production. Hundreds of bankers, business men, farmers and stockmen are back of the Stroud factory, which should be an industrial asset to southwest Texas.

#### NOTABLE SAN ANTONIO CITY BUILDERS

San Antonio has its share of big men, many of them great men in certain respects; but from the standpoint of civic



*The original Mexican restaurant, established twenty years ago by O. M. Farnsworth—an institution which has had many imitators, but few competitors. No tourist should miss this quaint place, which was described by President Eliot of Harvard as one of the most interesting restaurants in America. It is the rendezvous for army officers, literary and artistic people, and lends to San Antonio a tint of Bohemia with all the high seasoning of Mexico. Mexican dishes have long been popular in the Southwest and in Mexico, but it remained for an American to give them national popularity*

Antonio. With deep oil and gas will come cheap fuel. San Antonio has an unlimited water supply, railroad facilities and a world market almost at its doors. Mexico will some day be Uncle Sam's largest buyer of American-made goods, and San Antonio firms are simply waiting until political conditions adjust themselves. San Antonio is the home of the Open Shop Movement, and organized the first Open Shop Association in the United States. The Chamber of Commerce, and other business organizations of the city have gone on record as favoring the Open Shop idea; and the principle is being successfully worked out and applied in San Antonio industries.

Industrially San Antonio is thoroly alive to her opportunities. From the standpoint of local service rendered, San Antonio's most outstanding institution is the Alamo Industries, a combination of four enterprises, the chief of which is the largest and most sanitary creamery and dairy products factory in Texas. The Alamo Industries represents an investment of \$2,500,000 and pays out to the farmers of the community more than \$4,000 a day, or nearly \$2,190,000 a year for dairy products. San Antonio looks to the Alamo Industries for its supply of pure milk, and is fortunate in having a clean, sanitary and scientifically operated creamery, where all dairy products are thoroly pasteurized.

The Alamo Industries is one of the few successful attempts to operate a scientific creamery and dairy on a wholesale and

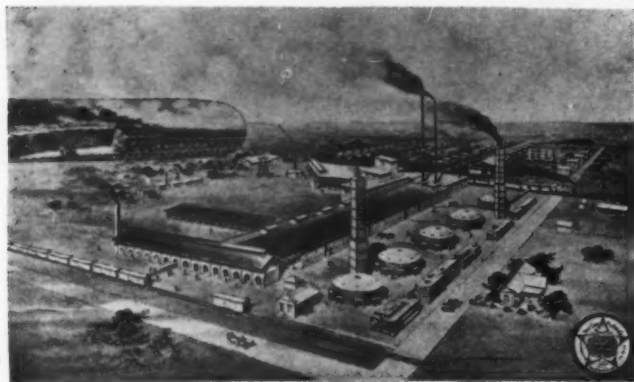


*The Gunter Hotel is the history-making center of San Antonio, and occupies the same relation to San Antonio that the Waldorf occupies to New York. Percy Tyrrell, manager of the Gunter, is one of the most widely-known and successful hotel managers in America, and has popularized his hotel until it is nationally famous. Here the cattle kings, oil men and politicians gather*

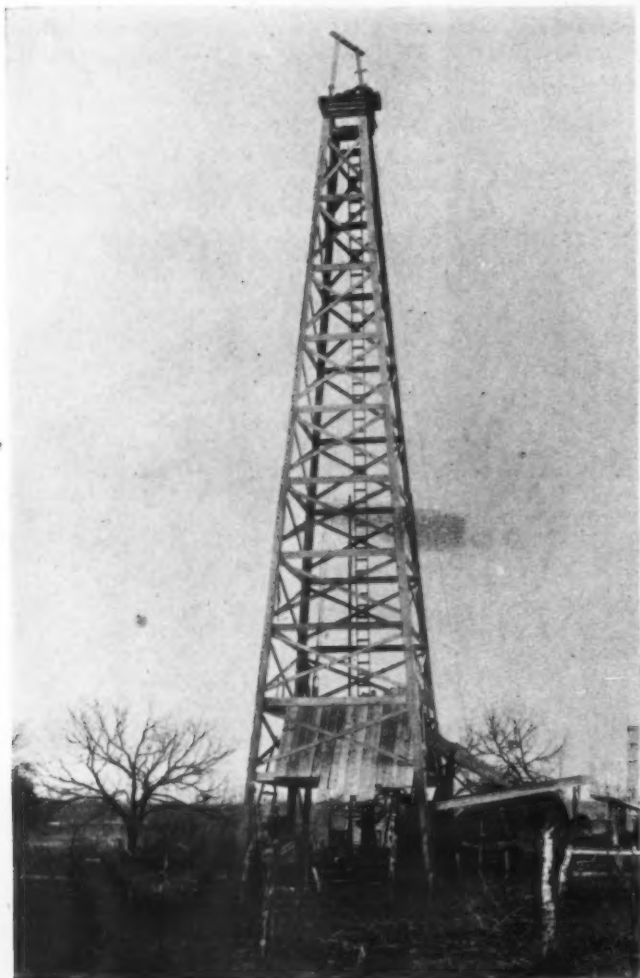




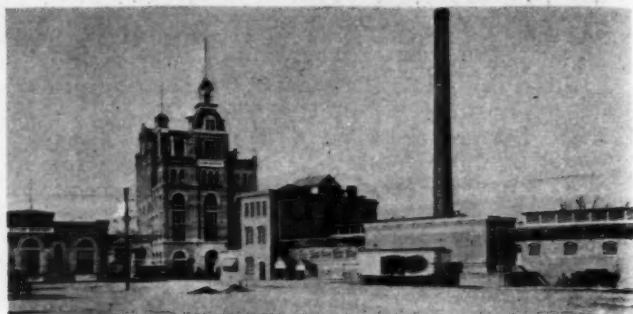
Plant of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company



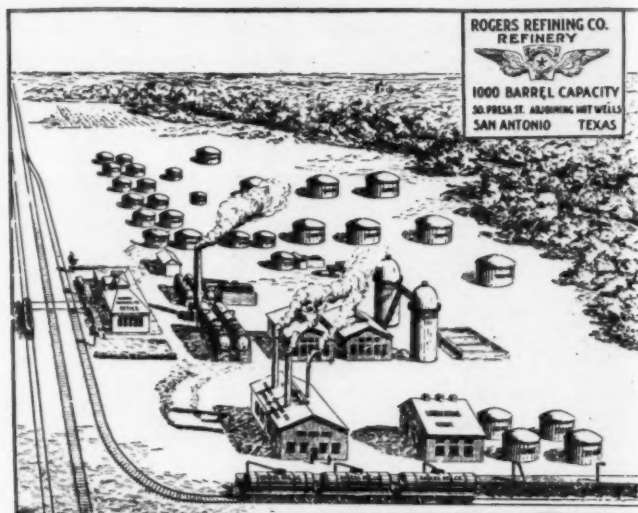
Plant of the Star Clay Products Company, San Antonio, manufacturers of hollow building tile, standard and interlocking. The success of the company proves the popularity and superiority of tile over brick for building purposes, being cooler in summer and warmer in winter. The Star Clay Products is a \$150,000 corporation, organized in 1908, with Adolph Wagner, president; C. T. Priest, vice-president; R. D. Harry, manager. The use of tile is rapidly replacing lumber and brick as building material, and is practically indestructible. The men at the head of the Star Clay Products Company are among San Antonio's most progressive and substantial business leaders



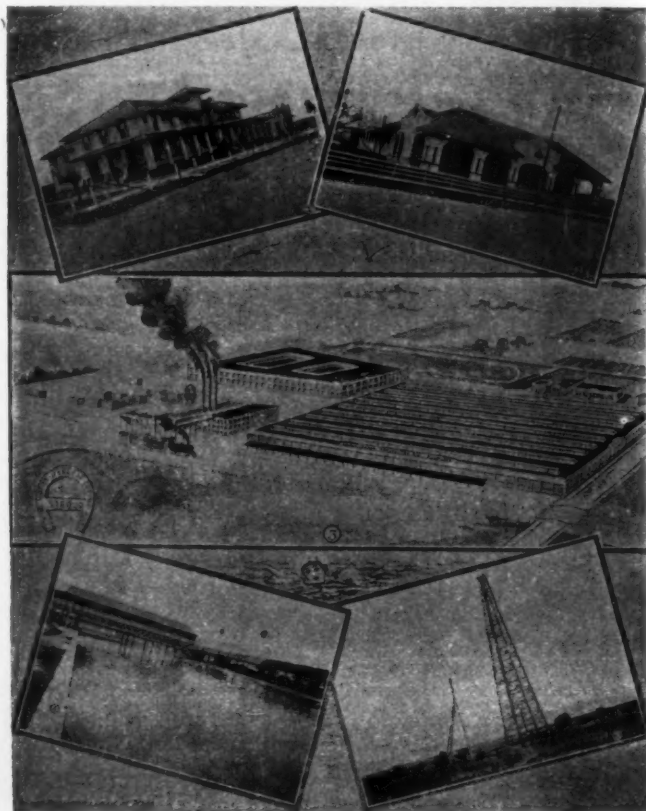
Deep-test well No. 5 of the Southwest Texas Oil and Refining Company



The Alamo Industries, a \$2,500,000 creamery and dairy products firm; the largest and most modern creamery ever built in the South. It furnishes San Antonio its supply of pure milk, and is the pride of the city



Plant of Rogers Refining Company, a million-dollar corporation, projected by J. M. and H. M. Rogers, of Chelsea, Oklahoma, who have had many years successful experience as refinery builders and operators, and who are well known among the business leaders of Texas and Oklahoma



San Jose addition. San Antonio's new residential and industrial addition, where the \$2,000,000 plant of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, is located

usefulness and general resourcefulness as a town builder, the distinction of being one of San Antonio's first citizens belongs to L. J. Hart, the type of city builder who does things, the man who, more than any other, has developed San Antonio

during the real estate boom of 1887. He was among the first to foresee San Antonio's advantages as a great national resort. He induced other progressive men to come to San Antonio, notably Colonel Jot Gunter, and together they planned and built the Gunter Hotel, an institution that has meant more to San Antonio than any other.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE SOMERSET FIELD

Some say that the discovery of the Somerset oil field near San Antonio is the last stand of the fickle goddess of Fortune—but *quien sabe*? The days of '49 are gone. That much we know. The days of the Leadville boom, of the Klondyke and gold, of Goldfield and Tonapah are gone. Then came oil, that subtle and liquid something which finds expression only in terms of millions, and thinks and computes only in larger terms. Spindle Top, Beaumont and Humble are only reminders of better days to come. We are speaking now of Texas only. Recently we have had Ranger, Burkburnett and other booms—now San Antonio finds itself in the midst of an oil boom with shallow oil at the end of every drill and deep oil recently tapped. What will this old town do? Certain eminent geologists who are supposed to know say that the Somerset field will be the world's next greatest deep oil pool. Some say it will,

and others say it will not. All we know is this: there has never been a dry hole or well "brought in" or drilled in Somerset. Deep oil is somewhere near—near San Antonio; and with a hundred deep rigs working overtime, somebody is going

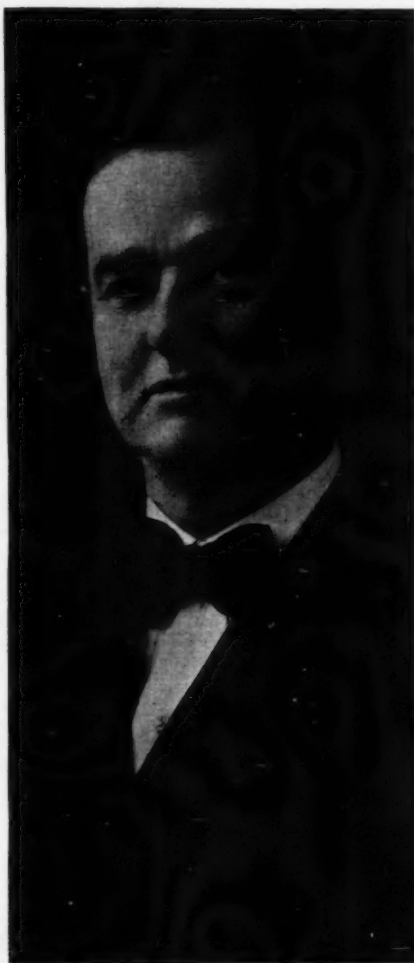


SAM W. STROUD

President of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, who successfully launched a \$2,000,000 enterprise

business district; was one of the builders of the Gunter Hotel, developed one of the city's finest residential districts, and made Houston Street the town's principal thoroughfare. L. J. Hart has the ability and vision to create values where they did not exist before. In fact it is said of him that when he buys real estate all the surrounding property advances because property owners know that his ownership spells improvement. Just now Mr. Hart is developing an entirely new street; that is, his promotion of St. Mary Street has caused it to be reclaimed and developed from an obscure side street into a new section of the business district, lined with new hotels, office buildings and apartment houses. Mr. Hart is probably San Antonio's largest owner of business property, and many of his holdings are in the very heart of the city where future developments are sure and certain. College Street owes much of its development to Mr. Hart's splendid effort, which has been the most important single factor in building and promoting San Antonio's skyline.

L. J. Hart is not a native Texan, but was born and reared in Iowa, and was graduated from Dubuque College, when he was nineteen. His first business venture was in Denver, where he located



J. H. KIRKPATRICK

World traveler and orator, who has been one of the real builders of San Antonio



J. N. KINCAID

Of the A. P. Ford Company, developers of the San Jose addition, and an expert authority on Texas land values

to make a strike soon. Prominent oil men from California, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Texas believe this and are on the ground. They have put their money at work developing the field, which is always the best evidence of faith. From all the oil centers of earth have the oil boys foregathered, with the firm belief that at Somerset there is deep oil—probably the greatest pool ever discovered.

Any number of companies are now operating and making money in the Somerset field. The Grayburg Oil Company is a million-dollar affair, with its own fleet of tank cars, filling stations, pipe lines, refinery and producing wells. It has a cool million dollars invested, twenty odd producing wells, as many more being drilled; it has daily production of six hundred barrels, and the refinery has a daily capacity of nearly three times this amount.

Dr. F. L. Thomson is the organizer and president of the Grayburg Oil Company. He is an eminent geologist, practical oil man, an able business executive and financier. The Somerset field is largely a monument to Dr. Thomson, Claude Witherspoon, A. B. Slimp and Elliott Jones. These men invested their money



in wells and refineries long before the field was advertised to the oil fraternity—or at least before San Antonio people even believed there was any oil at Somerset.

The Somerset field is famous for the long life of its wells, the high gravity of oil and assurance of production. There are at present probably two hundred producing wells on the pump, and as many more being drilled. Right now San Antonio is awaiting the thrill that follows the discovery of deep oil which is momentarily expected.

Realizing these possibilities all big operators of Wyoming, California, Oklahoma, and Texas are on the ground with rigs. Personally I do not know, but practical and successful oil men tell me that the Somerset field will be the next great oil bonanza—that here deep oil will be found in larger quantities and underlying a greater area than in any other field. To lend an element of truth to this one will find now in San Antonio many of the most famous geologists of the country, and they are usually the vanguard of a real oil find. The big companies—the Texas Company, the Grayburg, the Magnolia, the Gulf, the Crosbie Oil & Producing Company, Claude Witherspoon, the Sanantex Oil Company, the Hobson & Voorhees interests and their Texas Southern Oil & Development Company, the Willis & Thomasson Texas subsidiaries, the Helvetia Copper Company, C. D. Harlow, former editor of the *Oil and Gas News*; J. H. McDonough and associates of the McDonough Ore and Mining Company of Birmingham, Alabama; L. M. Morehead of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company; Colonel A. B. Slimp of the Slimp Oil Company; the Tampico Oil and Refining Company; Dr. A. A. Luther of the Southwest Oil and Refining Company, and the other companies which have recently leased large holdings from the A. P. Ford & Company at San Jose are all in the Somerset field working overtime. Millions of dollars are being expended for development in this field, with every assurance and indication of deep oil. And there is this notable fact in connection with the oil industry—when the big companies get in, it is a safe bet they know what they are about. Deep oil, insofar as the Somerset field is concerned, has passed the speculative stage, and the Grayburg deep test is expected to tell the tale. Should this well jibe with predictions, San Antonio will experience the wildest stampede any oil town has ever known—because San Antonio has the accommodations to take care of the operators, and the field is so large that development will include a large area of southwest Texas supposed to be in line with the Ranger and Tampico fields.

Claude Witherspoon, a pioneer in the Corsicana and Beaumont fields, and Dr. F. L. Thomson of the Grayburg Oil Company, are two of the most practical and successful operators in the Somerset field. Next are A. B. Slimp and Elliott Jones. The Grayburg Oil Company, which Dr. Thomson organized, is a million-dollar concern with about thirty producing wells, a refinery of eighteen hundred barrels daily capacity, and casing head plant of 250,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily. The Grayburg has its own pipe lines from the Somerset field, which is twenty miles south of San Antonio; but in addition to this has production in the north Texas fields and fillings stations all over Texas. Somerset oil is a high gravity oil and commands a premium in all the oil markets.

Another large company to start operations in the Somerset field is the Texas Southern Oil and Development Company. Mr. A. W. Hobson, of the firm of Hobson & Voorhees of Fort Worth and San Antonio, who is president and general manager of the company, has opened offices in San Antonio. This company's holdings consists of one hundred and forty acres adjoining the Helvetia Copper Company on the north.

Mr. Hobson states that the company will start operations at once, and continue drilling until fully developed. Their first well will be put down in the southeast corner of the O. L. Avent tract and will be designated as the Texas Southern Oil and Development Company's Avent No. 1.

This company has been financed entirely in California, having received a permit from the Commissioner of Corporations of California to sell stock in that state.

The officers and directors of the company are men who have long been identified with

large oil and railroad interests in that state, and it is their intention to make the Texas Southern a permanent producing organization.

Late developments on the Helvetia Copper Company's tract indicate better production as they come north, and Mr. Hobson feels justified in saying that his company should get equally as good production, and with the proper kind of work will have fifteen barrel wells. On a recent trip to Fort Worth, he found a good many of the Desdemona operators who had not met with the success in that field they had anticipated, and were much interested in the development going on in Somerset.

#### SAN ANTONIO AS A REFINERY CENTER

With an established local market, immediate transportation facilities, abundance of water and plenty of cheap labor, San Antonio promises to become one of the oil refinery centers of the Southwest; and it was probably due to these conditions that the Rogers Refining Company selected San Antonio as the most favorable location for a modern one-thousand-barrel refinery. This plant is being built on the company's thirty-five-acre tract near the city limits of San Antonio, and when completed will be one of the most complete and modern refineries in the Texas fields.

The Rogers Refining Company is a million-dollar corporation, projected by J. M. and H. M. Rogers of Chelsea, Oklahoma, who have had many years successful experience as refinery builders and operators, and who are well known among the business leaders of Texas and Oklahoma. Associated with them is a strong board of officers and directors, composed of F. L. Jordan, J. G. Taylor, E. N. Canada, and Judge Ellis C. Williams, the latter being president and general counsel of the company. These men are all highly successful in their respective professions, and their connection with the company is an assurance of its merits and profitable operation.

When completed, the Rogers refinery will represent an investment of approximately \$500,000. The business of the company will be to produce, manufacture, and market as wholesalers and jobbers crude oil products, such as gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oils and by-products.

The modern one-thousand-barrel refinery of the Rogers Refining Company, San Antonio, is nearing completion. The plant is



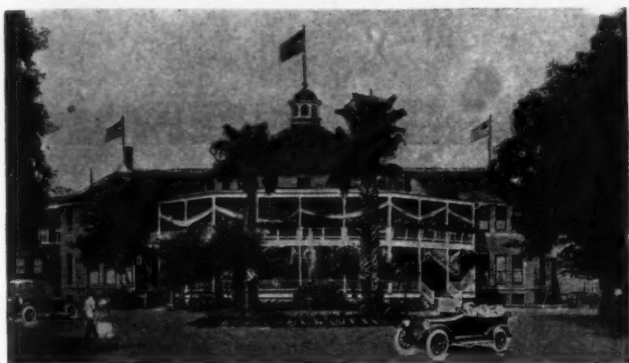
TOM CROSBIE  
Of the Crosbie Refining Company



L. M. MOREHEAD  
Of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company



located near the city and will have unexcelled transportation facilities to the local as well as the Ranger and Burkburnett fields, where the company is now drilling. This is the third successful refinery to be built by J. M. and H. M. Rogers,



Bathing pavilion, Hotel Wells, San Antonio. The hot sulphur water used for the baths is said to surpass the baths of Carlsbad, Bohemia, or Hot Springs, Arkansas, in curative qualities and as an elixir of youth. For many years the New York Giants have maintained their training quarters here

who are known as conservative and practical oil and refinery operators. Their investment of nearly a half million dollars in the San Antonio refinery is evidence of their faith in the Somerset field.

The Slimp was the first refinery built in the Somerset field, and has been run continuously since its erection. It was recently reorganized with the Messrs. Sheets taking over an interest in the industry, and Mr. Slimp will remain with the company as general manager.

Within a few miles' radius of the refinery is located a large number of the many producing wells of the Somerset field. On the Evans farm, of 1,059 acres, one mile from the refinery, the lease of which was secured the first of December by Willis and Thomasson, a firm of eastern oil operators, there is one producing well, the derrick up and the outfits being assembled to start active drilling to fully develop this property. Willis and Thomasson are new operators in the Texas fields. They are opening up the San Marcos district, with a branch office at San Marcos, Texas, and have secured over sixty thousand acres in Hays and the surrounding counties.

The entrance of this firm into San Antonio and their activity in the Somerset field is but a forerunner of the development work that will take place during the coming spring and summer. Willis and Thomasson recently closed a deal for two hundred

acres joining the Evans tract, on which there are now forty-two producing wells.

Geologists, representing some of the largest operators in the oil industry, have been making surveys of this territory during the past year, and from their reports it is summed up that what is now regarded as one of the best shallow producing fields of Texas will, upon deeper drilling, bring forth another gusher field in the state.

T. S. Crosbie, veteran oil operator, and head of the Crosbie Oil & Refinery Company, owns two hundred and six acres in fee in the Somerset field adjoining the Grayburg holdings. This company now has a number of producing wells, but is preparing to develop its holdings on a large scale, and their immediate development plans call for fifteen wells, including a deep test. When production warrants, a refinery is to be built which will mean the fifth refinery for San Antonio.

The McDonough Ore & Mining Company of Birmingham, Alabama, large operators in coke and ores, have entered the Somerset field as the Sanantexas Oil Company, with a capital of \$200,000. This company has two hundred acres in Bexar County, eight hundred in Medina, sixteen hundred in Kinney, and six hundred and forty in Terrell County. The first development work will be done on the company's Bexar County lands in the Somerset field, where forty wells will be drilled. Associated with President J. H. McDonough of the Sanantexas Oil Company are R. H. McDonough, C. H. Nesbit, Clarence Reese and G. T. Wofford, all well known Alabama and Texas business men.

Probably there is no other man in the southwest Texas field who is able to furnish more accurate information than Dr. A. A. Luther of the Southwest Texas Oil & Refining Company, a \$500,000 Texas and New York company. The main office of the company is at New York, but Dr. Luther is in active charge of the San Antonio office, as well as being field manager. With two wells on the pump, five being drilled, forty contemplated, including four deep tests and the building of a great refinery, this company is one of the well-managed and liberally financed companies in the San Antonio field, with acreage in Bexar, Frio and other adjoining counties of proven territory, and from all appearances will be a success. The company's refinery will be on a fifty-acre site in South San Antonio.

The North Texas Oil and Refining Company, Limited, operating a large refinery at Greenville, Texas, is a recent addition to the local oil group. This company has a capital of \$1,000,000, and is managed by successful oil operators and business men of integrity. The company is building a five-thousand-barrel refinery in San Antonio on the co-operative plan. L. M. Morehead, an experienced oil man of Shreveport, Louisiana, is the

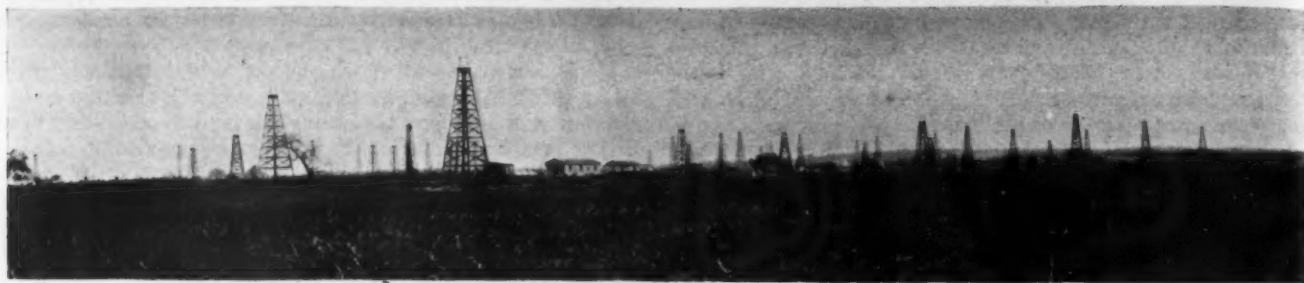


MACLYN ARBUCKLE

Famous American actor and native of San Antonio, where he is now successfully directing a large motion picture corporation, an industry that finds its natural home in San Antonio



New \$500,000 cotton mill now being built in San Antonio by J. O. Chapman and E. A. DuBose. With Mexican labor, this will be one of the most profitable enterprises in San Antonio. The Mexican is naturally a manual craftsman and a trained textile worker. The mill will specialize in the manufacture of osnaburgs, and will have an annual output of nearly \$200,000. The mill is being constructed by the McKenzie Construction Company of San Antonio, one of the most reliable engineering and construction firms in the South, and one with a long line of public achievements to its credit. A. J. McKenzie is a professional civil engineer and graduate of the University of Missouri. Associated with him are Thomas McCroskey of Knoxville, Tennessee, and E. W. Robinson of San Antonio, also a graduate engineer. This firm has built a great number of large viaducts, subways, and other public works in Memphis, Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Ranger. Camp Travis at Fort Sam Houston, which cost \$2,500,000, was built by the McKenzie Construction Company, and is one of the most substantial and attractive army camps in the United States



*Somerset Oil Field, near San Antonio, the world's newest oil field*

active vice-president and general manager of the company, and is in charge of the San Antonio branch.

A story about the Somerset field would not be complete without some reference to A. B. Slimp, who built the first refinery in San Antonio, and under the firm name of the Slimp Oil Company is a leading factor in local circles. He developed the Dixie Oil and Refining Company, which was recently sold to the Humble Oil Company, a branch of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Slimp and his associates now control some of the most valuable acreage in the Somerset field, where he has substantial production and many new wells being drilled.

The company has constructed a modern five-thousand-barrel capacity refinery at Greenville, Texas. It is one of the most modern and up-to-date refineries in the South. It will use the Davis process, the most modern known to science of refining, having lease rights on same covering a period of ninety-nine years. By this process of refining finished products can be turned out in fifteen to twenty minutes from the time fire is started under the stills, while under the old process of refining it takes from eighteen to twenty-four hours to accomplish the same results. The Davis process eliminates the use of sulphuric acid with which to remove the dirt from oils. Under the old process, the sulphuric acid is never entirely recovered from the oils, thereby rendering them very injurious to all machinery, and is the common cause of pitting of cylinders and rings of a gasoline engine. Refined products made under this process are of the very highest grade. The gasoline is of highest gravity, contains less carbonizing properties, and is practically free from odor. Lubricating oils are of the highest viscosity and retain their lubricating properties longer, as no sulphuric acid or other injurious chemicals are used in refining. One of the largest independent pipe lines in the state, that of the Gulf Pipe Line Company, runs thru Greenville, thus assuring the supply of crude oil with which to supply the refinery. The refining plant site covers thirty-four acres and is located between the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and Midland railroads. Pipe line connection with that of the Gulf Pipe Line Company will be owned outright by the company, also the pumping station. The company will duplicate the Greenville refinery at San Antonio on ground already purchased at Terrell Wells.

#### OPPORTUNITIES AT TAMPICO

The greatest oil wells in the world are at Tampico, Mexico, where some of the gushers are flowing 190,000 barrels a day, Mexico is probably the last bonanza field in the world. There

was recently organized in San Antonio the Tampico Oil and Refining Company, a \$700,000 corporation, owning large and valuable holdings in the Tampico territory, which the company expects to develop. This company was organized by Sam H. Howell, a well-known oil man of San Antonio and member of the famous Howell family of Georgia. Associated with Mr. Howell are C. B. Martin, the secretary and treasurer of the company; Judge J. T. Dickerson of Oklahoma, president of the American Pipe Line Company, and former judge of the United States District Court of Oklahoma, and a practical oil operator; W. W. Todd of Wichita Falls; Edward H. Lange, prominent San Antonio business man and member of the Texas legislature; W. A. Harmon, Drumright, Oklahoma, and Fred V. Burns, Tampico, Mexico. Mr. Burns and Vice-president Howell will have charge of operations in Mexico, and Secretary Martin will manage the San Antonio office.

The Tampico Oil and Refining Company owns 1,359 acres near large production in the Tampico district, where the smallest well is ten thousand barrels a day. Tampico is one of the greatest oil fields in the world, and since the change in the oil laws of Mexico, American capital operating from San Antonio and other American cities will seek investment in the Tampico field, where it is assured of large production and unlimited financial returns.

The famous Hot Wells Hotel and mineral baths, San Antonio's invitation to health-seekers and tourists, is one of the leading resort hotels of America. An institution which combines all the attractions of the country with the advantages of the city. The Hot Wells Hotel is located in a magnificent twenty-acre pecan grove and on the banks of the San Antonio River, easily accessible by car line from the city.

The Hot Wells hotel property is owned and operated by W. G. Walters and Joe Kunze, successful Texas business men, who have recently completed a large number of improvements. The hotel is operated on both the American and European plans and caters largely to tourist and family trade. In appointments, furnishings, equipment and surroundings, it is one of the most desirable resorts in the South. In addition to the hotel proper, nearly every form of recreation has been provided. Fishing, golf, bathing, rowing, motoring, swinging and walking in the beautiful pecan grove are included. To give some intimation of the value and importance of the mineral baths at the Hot Wells it might be mentioned that for several years the New York Giants have had their spring training quarters there.

## Creed of Abraham Lincoln

**L**ET every American, every lover of liberty, every well wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of "Seventy-Six" did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and the laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe in her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political slogan of the Nation.

—Abraham Lincoln.



## Selling Sweetness and Sunshine

Continued from page 59

and state fairs that season, making and selling the delightful confection which was just being introduced to the public. Patsy's singing and yodling attracted the crowds and the Cracker-Jack satisfied their sweet tooth.

That winter Patsy returned to Terre Haute to work in a restaurant and to marry a Terre Haute girl. He saved his money, bought a Cracker-Jack outfit in the spring, and set up a stand at one of the principal street corners. He gave away his first two batches of Cracker-Jack to give the crowd a taste of its quality, and he gave them away in his inimitable free-hearted Irish way. He greeted his fellow-townsmen with a cheery "Good morning, everybody!" and when anyone thanked him for the sample helping of Cracker-Jack he was passing out, he would reply, "Oh, that's all right—this is my birthday!" He wore an elaborate costume of white linen that cost twenty-five dollars, for he was convinced "It takes something nifty to catch the ladies."

Patsy and his Cracker-Jack found favor with the Terre Haute palate and the venture was a success from the very first, netting the vender from ten to twenty dollars a day. After some missionary expeditions to Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas, and California, where he expounded the virtues of Cracker-Jack and introduced it to many communities, Patsy evolved from the migratory stage of his career and rented his first store in Terre Haute. It was a small room in the corner of a livery barn, but on the main street. He paid seventy-five dollars a month for it. He opened with a fifty-dollar stock of Cracker-Jack and taffy, and spent one hundred and fifty dollars on newspaper advertising, and the opening day found Patsy well launched on the road to success. Patsy's cheerfulness was contagious; people were pleased with him and pleased with themselves for being pleased. Patsy and his products, sweetness and sunshine, were needed in smoke-begrimed Terre Haute. They supplied a fundamental need, so the enterprise has prospered and grown until it now occupies three stores scattered over the down-town section of the city, and instead of the seventy-five-dollar rent which he paid at the beginning, Patsy now pays nine thousand dollars rent.

The atmosphere of all of Patsy's stores reflect that genial Irishman's pleasant temperament. To impress the importance of politeness on some new clerk, he will frequently telegraph from California or Florida to inquire: "Did you say 'Thank you' to all of your customers today?" Patsy's employees radiate the sunshine spirit. He still goes to fairs and Chautauquas and peddles from a basket, for the fun of it—stopping at the best hotels, dressing in the height of style, and driving his Pierce-Arrow coupe. He is a unique character in business life, and a demonstration of the fact that good humor is the most appreciated commodity in the world.

## Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.

NR Tablets tone and strengthen organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly.

NR Tonight, Tomorrow Alright



Get a 25c. Box.



## Hats of distinction

Lamson - Hubbard 25 Kingston St.

Men's Seasonable Attire

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

COMBINING THE APPEARANCE OF CUSTOM CLOTHES, THE CONVENIENCE OF READY-TO-WEAR AND THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF RESTRICTED MATERIALS.

FOR THIRTY YEARS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY: TO-DAY THE BEST IN AMERICA. YOUR STYLE IS HERE, BECAUSE EVERY GOOD STYLE IS HERE.

"NEW MEN'S CLOTHES SHOP"

## BOND BREAD

The word bond means much. It signifies the most sacred contracts of life. BREAD is the *Staff of Life*. BOND BREAD, tested, tasted and tried by expert Housekeepers over the entire country is pronounced a triumph in the baking art.

Wherever you may be—see that BOND BREAD is served you and you will be assured of a basic good food. For BOND BREAD is made, baked and sold with an obligation.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

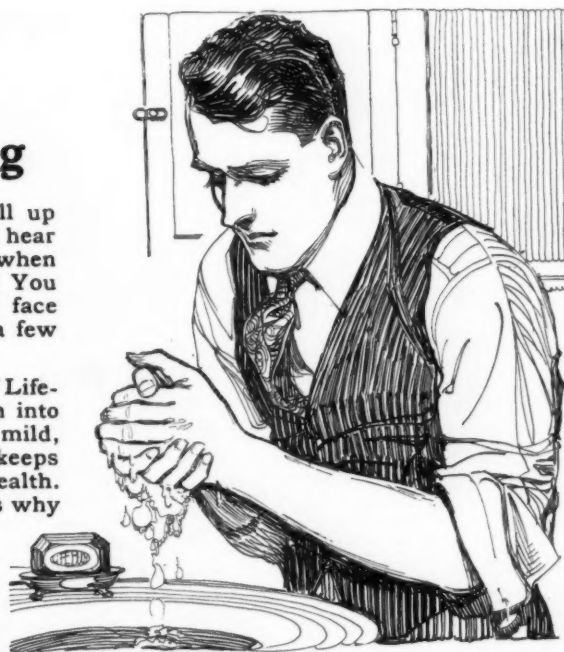
## Puts new pleasure into washing

YOU'RE glad to roll up your sleeves and hear the water running when you wash with Lifebuoy. You know how "fine" your face and hands will feel in a few minutes.

The big creamy lather of Lifebuoy Soap carries down into the pores of your skin a mild, healthful antiseptic—keeps your skin glowing with health. Its pure clean odor tells why it benefits your skin.

Start using Lifebuoy today for your face, hands and bath. See your skin grow clearer and fresher every day!

LEVER BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.



**LIFEBUOY**  
HEALTH SOAP

Copyright by Lever Bros. Co.



## RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

### Habits That Handicap

Of all the habits that hamper success there is none so fatal as an addiction to narcotics, alcohol, nicotine or hypnotic drugs. The effect inevitably is to decrease efficiency, lower the mental and nervous tone, inhibit moral responsibility, and invite physical depreciation, disease, and an earlier death.

While all these might be held to be problems for individual solution, they yet remain questions that vitally concern the entire social fabric, for their ramifications extend into every asylum, hospital and charitable institution, every police court and prison in the land. Their results are manifested in the relations between every human being and those who are bound to them by ties of love, relationship or law.

Now that national prohibition has become a fact, we, as a nation, stand in the anomalous position of being in greater danger of becoming drug addicts than ever before for, unquestionably, thousands of victims of alcoholic abnormality, suddenly deprived of their accustomed stimulant, will turn to any substitute that offers surcease for the craving that afflicts them.

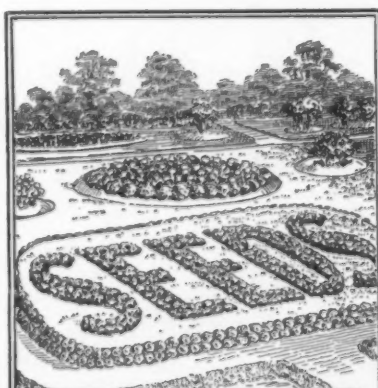
The result will be that anything and everything that tastes or smells like alcohol will be poured into the systems of alcoholic addicts like street slush into the city sewers, and every form of narcotic, hypnotic and sedative drug will be eagerly sought.

We are already consuming more habit-forming drugs than all Europe combined. Since the year 1860 there has been an increase of 300 per cent in the importation and consumption of opium in all its forms in America, as against 133 per cent increase in population. During the past ten years there has been an annual consumption in this country of four hundred thousand pounds of opium, fifty-seven per cent of which is made into morphine.

A vigorous and arresting presentation of the truth regarding the growing menace of the drug evil in the United States is set forth in "Habits That Handicap,"\* the author of which book, Charles B. Towns, is one of the most successful fighters against this blight upon our civilization.

The author deals with his subject in a way that

\*"Habits That Handicap," by Charles B. Towns. 12 mo., cloth, 233 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Company, N. Y. Price \$1.50, net; by mail, \$1.62.



LAWN FLOWER & GARDEN  
GARDEN TOOLS AND UTENSILS  
INSECTICIDES

**CHANDLER & BARBER  
HARDWARE**

124 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

# How Signs of Old Age Creep Into Your System When The Iron In Your Blood Runs Low

For Want of Iron, You May Be Old At Thirty—Nervous, Irritable and All Run-Down—While at Fifty or Sixty, With Plenty of Iron in Your Blood, You May Be Young in Feeling and Brimming Over With Vim and Energy

## IRON IS THE RED BLOOD FOOD

That Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restores Wasted Tissue and Aids in Giving Renewed Force and Power to the Body. Physicians Explain Why Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Run-down People in Two Weeks' Time.

Old age has already sunk its talons into thousands of men and women who ought still to be enjoying the springtime and summer of life simply because they have allowed worry, overwork, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poisons to sap the iron from their blood and thereby destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. You will find plenty of people



**YOU ARE AGEING**  
If the enthusiasm for tackling your daily problems has waned



**YOU ARE AGEING**  
If your skin is shrinking and your face looks wrinkled, careworn and old



**YOU ARE AGEING**  
If you have lost the spring of your step and your movements are cumbersome



**YOU ARE AGEING**  
If you are wearied by the activities of your daily life

breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying perfect health because anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—has fastened its grip on them and is sapping their strength, vitality and energy. But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them with metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron.

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results."

**Manufacturers' Note:** Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

at 40 who are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay while others at 50 are strong, active, alert and seemingly growing younger every year. One class withers and dies like leaves in autumn while the other by keeping up a strong power of resistance against disease may pass the three score and ten mark with surprising health, strength and vigor. But you cannot expect to look and feel young and vigorous unless you have plenty of iron in your blood, and physicians explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency in the weak, nervous, and run-down so as to build them up into stronger, healthier men and women.

"Many a man and woman who ought still to be young in feeling is losing the old time vim and energy that makes life worth living simply because their blood is starving for want of iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "Thousands are ageing and

grips the reader's close attention. He points out how the habit of taking headache powders, of using veronal or trional for insomnia, or of resorting to palliative cough mixtures or cold cures, as well as other seemingly innocent practices, may ultimately lead to mental and physical shipwreck.

Physicians, social workers, clergymen, nurses, educators, heads of families, and those persons interested in sociological problems, will welcome this informative and extremely interesting book.

That indefatigable traveller, Isaac F. Marcossion, whose book of personalities, "Adventures In Interviewing," has just gone into a second edition, is off again. He has gone to England and after a brief stay in London and Brussels will sail for the Belgian Congo, after which he will visit General Smuts, the Premier of the Union of South Africa. Shortly before his departure Mr. Marcossion was the guest of the faculty and students of the school of Journalism

at Columbia University, before whom he delivered an address on "Adventures In Interviewing." This book, by-the-way, is now being used as a sort of text by Professor R. D. James in his courses in Journalism at the University of Pennsylvania.

## FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

## The Depreciation of the Dollar

Continued from page 80

confidence that would hasten the days of readjustment and obviate the dangerous shoals of inflation thru which the world is passing. His life career, including work on a farm as a boy, at the mechanic's bench as a young man, a newspaper man who developed an unparalleled genius for finance, his experience in the Treasury Department, and as the head of one of the greatest financial institutions in the country, is one that stands out pre-eminent in the history of his times without the glamor of political preferment.

The utterances of Mr. Vanderlip, tho altogether too rare, invariably present technical knowledge of finance, great and small, to the complete understanding of the average person, as that of no other contemporary. He focusses world conditions to the understanding of the individual. When he has finished speaking, his hearers know just what he has said and just what he means, which, in these days of glittering generalities and nebulous theories, is refreshing and reassuring.

## The Cleveland Convention

By FRANCES GARSIDE

HAVE you not observed that a convention held by women attracts more attention than one held by men? Not because of its rarity, tho that may have been the reason some years ago, but for the reason that women are doing things these days, and when they meet in convention it is obviously with the result of doing more.

To the credit of the sex, let it be known that they do not pass resolutions, pigeonhole them for the dust to cover—and forget them. A certain housewifely instinct intervenes.

Perhaps the most important convention of the

year, and undoubtedly the most important in the history of the organization, will be the Sixth National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association, held in Cleveland, Ohio, April 13-20. Important, because it will be the first in five years, and in that period every woman has felt the topsy-turviness of the world more than any man. Her interests and status have been gravely affected.

The five preceding conventions held in New York, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Richmond and Los Angeles made history, but important as were the issues brought before them, never before has the Association faced so many problems involving the whole future of the movement as will be brought before it in April. For this reason, it is hoped, and assured, that the attendance will be far beyond that of any previous convention, and that no Association, however small, will be without representation. Nor will any Association, city, student, town or country, be content with less than its full quota. There will be no less than two thousand voting and visiting delegates.

The convention will assemble on the afternoon of April 13. All morning and afternoon sessions will be given to the presentation and discussion of the business of the convention. At the evening sessions addresses will be given by men and women who are leaders in Christian thought in this and other countries.

The issues to come before the convention are important. Two sections, the student and the industrial, are facing specially serious problems. The readjustment to a peace basis requires careful thinking; there must be close attention to the financial outlook, and never in the history of the world have so many problems concerning women arisen, due to the economic and social conditions which inevitably follow war.

Earn \$25 Weekly, Spare Time, Writing for Newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary, details Free. Press Syndicate, 1004, St. Louis, Mo.

## Richardson, Hill & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1870

50 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Members of

New York Stock Exchange Boston Stock Exchange  
Chicago Board of Trade New York Cotton Exchange

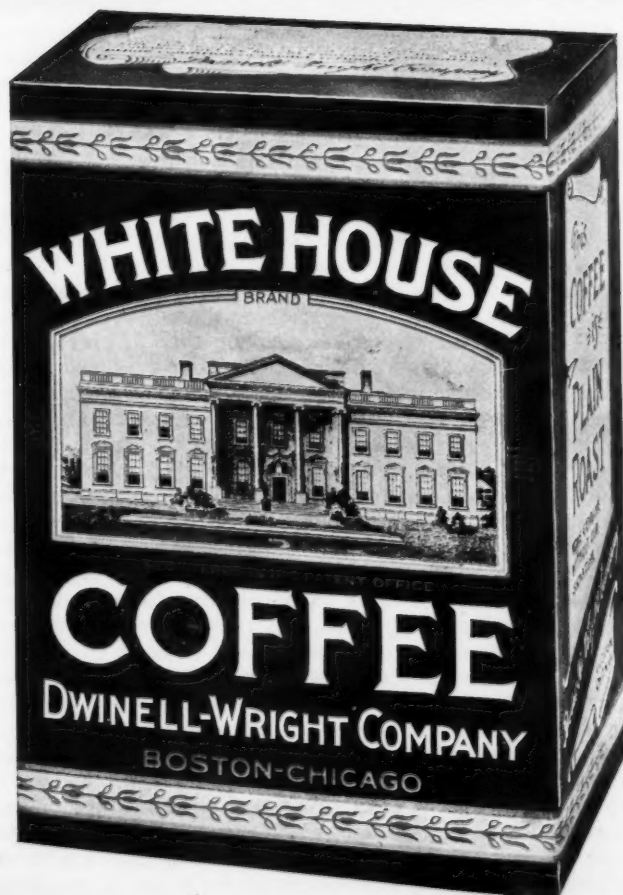
Specialists in

## United Drug Company Securities

Common—2d Preferred—1st Preferred

Being specialists in the securities of the United Drug Company, we have obtained permission to place this advertisement in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE so as to acquaint the Stockholders of the United Drug Company with our service which we offer in buying or selling United Drug Company securities on commission.

Address Correspondence Attention of  
J. P. C. BATCHELDER



"None Better At Any Price"

THE VERY FINEST  
DRINKING COFFEE YOU  
CAN POSSIBLY OBTAIN,  
"WHITE HOUSE," IS IN  
A CLASS BY ITSELF—  
INCOMPARABLE,  
UNAPPROACHABLE,  
SPLENDID

Showing the new, up-to-date style of package, which perfectly protects its contents, and delivers to you the same splendid quality that has made "White House" Coffee famous (1-3-5 lbs.)



*After Three Hundred Years the American Priscillas  
Win the Right "to Speak for Herself"*

## Celebrating the Suffrage Victory

*Ratification Qualifying over Twenty-Four Million American Women as Voters assured in 1921. Thirty-Five States have Sealed the Compact on the Mayflower for the Women of America*



WITH woman suffrage as fashionable as alligator pear salad and emerald anklets, the great victory convention—the fifty-first and final—of the National American Woman Suffrage Association ran its seven days' course in the Congress Hotel in Chicago, with one event and session after another majestically moving along to make it the most distinguished gathering of women the nation over that has probably ever been held in these United States.

The convention lasted from February 12th until the 18th. In the course of the sessions, which were attended by about eight hundred women from all parts of the country as delegates, and by a thousand visitors, there was much serious, intelligent debate, frequent sparkles of fun, events that were charmingly entertaining, hours of rare fellowship and sociability, laughter and the comfortable enjoyment of the peace that comes with the realization that a long-sought-for goal has been reached.

For, of course, the goal is reached. For more than a century women in this country have been exercising all their powers of strategy, of wit, of organized effort and even of gentlest persuasion to convince the men in this country that there is no sex in citizenship. And now, by the action of Congress that fact has been officially conceded, and the states are one by one speaking thru their legislatures to express their agreement (mostly) and their disagreement (rarely), with this decision. When thirty-six states have ratified the Federal suffrage amendment, it will become a part of our Constitution, and a mighty song of victory will be sung by the women. That time is almost in sight, hence the air of triumph in the bearing of all those who attended this victory suffrage convention.

There were two kinds of delegates at this convention: there were the splendid women who for years have been the fighters, the ones who have not been afraid to listen to jeers and still go on with their speaking, who have known the days of mobs and eggs, and have been the high-spirited councillors in spite of every discouragement, thankful for every slightest advance in their cause. And there was the younger group of active suffragists, many of them strangers to the pioneer workers, and numbers of them—this in the tiniest whisper—who were remembered by some as hasty recruits to the cause in recent years when martyrdom and stern self-sacrifice were no longer demanded of disciples of woman suffrage.

There was even a masculine delegation—of one—coming from Georgia; there was a niece of Susan B. Anthony there, a daughter of Lucy Stone, many namesakes of the famous old suffrage pioneers; the "oldest living white child" in Wyoming, that first state in the Union to give women their rights (in 1869); a daughter of Brigham Young, the Mormon, who told of the example set by her state of Utah in its support of woman suffrage, and a daughter of William Dudley Foulke, one-time governor of Indiana, and first president of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

There were six all-day conferences which were held simultaneously on the opening day of the convention, each one of them on topics of immediate importance to women, especially when they shall have the privilege of voting. Mrs. Raymond Robins of Chicago, president of the National Women's Trade Union League, presided over the conference on "Women in Industry," and later reported to the convention recommendations of her committee for legislation to secure to woman workers a minimum wage, the abolition of night work, an eight-hour day and other fundamental reforms. Compulsory

education which shall include adequate training in citizenship, the education of aliens before bestowing upon them citizenship, and direct citizenship for women, independently of their husbands, were among the reforms recommended by the conference on American citizenship, of which Mrs. Frederick P. Bagley of Boston, was chairman.

Adequate education in the matter of health, laws requiring physical and mental fitness for marriage, and abolition of commercialized prostitution were urged by the committee on social hygiene, of which Dr. Valeria H. Parker of Hartford, was chairman. A severe indictment of the meat packers was made in a vote by the convention endorsing the report of the committee on food supply and demand, presided over by Mrs. Edward P. Costigan of Washington. "The high cost of living in the United States is increased and the production of necessary food supplies diminished by unduly restrictive private control of the channels of commerce, of markets and other facilities, by large food organizations and combinations," read Mrs. Costigan's report. "And if our civilization is to fulfill its promise, it is vital that nourishing food be brought and kept within the reach of every home, and especially of all the growing children in the nation."

The child welfare conference endorsed measures for the public protection of maternity and infancy; the regulation of child labor; an appropriation of \$472,220 for the coming year for the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, and endorsed the principle of a bill for physical education about to be introduced into Congress, to be administered by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior.

The unification of laws concerning women was urged by the committee in charge of Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, with a plea for uniform marriage and divorce laws in all the states, independent citizenship for married women, a wife's control of her own wages, joint guardianship of the children, mother's pensions, establishing the legal status of the child born out of wedlock and other progressive steps in legislation affecting women.

At each of the conferences held on that first day of the convention, speakers from all over the country, noted in their own line of thinking as advocating most advanced measures, were on the program. A resume of the conference proceedings and recommendations were made to the general convention by the leader of each conference, so that all those attending could enjoy the benefits of each of the six important sessions. With guiding policies thus suggested to the women who are about to become full citizens of the United States, and who will report back to their local groups the material obtained at the convention, it ought to be an enlightened electorate in petticoats that will proceed to the polls in every state of the Union when full suffrage is proclaimed!

The League of Women Voters, the logical present-day outcome of the dissolution of an organization formed years ago to secure woman suffrage, was explained in a speech made by Mrs. Catt, in the course of the convention, which proved one of the high spots of the entire seven days' meeting. After pointing out the necessity of women's working thru political parties to secure the ends for which they are to use their votes, and the folly of remaining outside of such parties with the present power which political parties have, the great suffrage leader showed how hitherto the women in the various parties have been little more than a sort of "ladies' auxiliary."



Photo by Chambers, Chicago

## GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REGIONAL DIRECTORS OF THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

*Mrs. Trout and Mrs. Catt, while not on the Board, are two figures of great importance at the National Suffrage Convention. (Left to right, standing): Miss Katherine Ludington, Mrs. Richard E. Edwards, Miss Ella Dortsh, Mrs. George Gellhorn, Mrs. James Paige, Mrs. C. B. Simmons, Mrs. Solon Jacobs. (Left to right, sitting) Mrs. Maud Wood Park, Chairman League of Women Voters; Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, President Illinois Equal Suffrage Association; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President National American Women Suffrage Association*

"As I read the signs of the present political progress of women within the parties, you are going to have within those parties a continuation of the old familiar strife," said Mrs. Catt, "and that is to make men believe and have confidence in the capacities of women. You must stimulate other women to self-respect—goad them out of their timidity, and show them that they are not emancipated until they are as independent within the party as the men are."

And then the great leader launched forth. "You can not carry on that struggle on the outside," she warned. "You can only do it on the inside. You must go into some political party, as that is the trend of the time. Within every party, and probably in every state, there is an inner struggle between the progressive elements and the reactionary elements within that party; the candidates, very likely, are a sort of a compromise between these two extremes. Sometimes the progressives get the best of it; sometimes the reactionaries do. When you get into those parties, you will find progressive elements there. And you should make your connections, provided you are a progressive, with that element within the party, and you will not find it all easy sailing. You will be disillusioned; you will discover that having the vote is not bringing the millenium in one election. Perhaps when you enter the party, you will find yourself in a sort of political penumbra, where most of the men are, and they will be glad to see you, and you will be flattered, and you will think how nice it is. And perhaps if you stay there long enough, going to dinners, hearing grand speeches, going to the big political meetings, and whooping it up for your candidate and platform, you will think how charming it is to be thus placed. But perhaps if you stay long enough and move around enough, and keep

your eyes wide enough open, you will discover there is a little denser thing there, of the *umbra* of the political party—and you will not be so welcome there. Those are the people who are planning the platforms and working out the candidates and doing the real work that you and the men, the masses of them, sanction at the polls. You will not be welcome there, but there is just the place to go. If you stay there long enough and are active enough, you will see the real thing in the center, with the door locked tight, and you will have a long hard fight before you get inside of the real thing that moves the wheels of your party."

"It is to be hoped that the members of the League of Women Voters thruout the country will so do their work that they will teach this nation there is something higher than the kind of partisanship that 'stands pat,' no matter what happens, no matter what is right or wrong within the party. They must not be too timid or too conservative; they must be five years ahead of the political parties, or their work will be of no value. And I believe that the league is coming to a glorious success."

Ten regional directors were voted upon for the new League of Women Voters, and these ten elected their national chairman, Mrs. Maud Wood Park of Massachusetts. The others are Mrs. Richard E. Edwards of Indiana, Mrs. Solon Jacobs of Alabama, Mrs. George Gellhorn of Missouri, Mrs. F. Louis Slade of New York, Miss Katherine Ludington of Connecticut, Miss Ella Dortsh of Tennessee, Mrs. James Paige of Minnesota, Miss Elizabeth Hauser of Ohio and Mrs. C. B. Simmons of Oregon.

According to the plan, the national board of directors of the league will meet annually in each of the seven regions of states. There is to be a national manager, to be selected by the board;



the presidents of state auxiliaries and chairmen of standing committees shall form the executive council. Representation in the national league shall be in accordance with population and on the same basis as the representation of a state in Congress.

Among other memories of the convention are those of the hilarities of the notable suffrage fashion-pageant, when all the laughs and tears of the long years of struggle to gain for women the vote in this country were on parade in the form of lovely figures wearing the garments of the periods they represented.

Down a wide flight of stairs came one quaint figure after another, each group labelled by the leader carrying a standard showing the year represented. There were the staunch pioneers, Lucretia Mott, Abigail Adams, Lucy Stone, in their billowing farthingales, and many others down thru the years, all in the procession—their modern impersonators wearing gowns that were actually the garments worn in the days which they represented.

Among those who came were demure Quakers in gray, who lost their reticence when they were called upon to defend the rights of their sisters; the staunch pioneers of Wyoming, a frontier state, in the days when Wyoming could boast of being the only state in the Union where women could vote unqualifiedly in the late sixties, and finally the group of women who proved to the nation their value as war workers, in their Red Cross uniforms, their motor corps garb and their other service dress, and a group of this season's debutantes in their charming chiffon gowns—the years of the victory of suffrage.

A memorial service of impressive beauty was held on Sunday, February 14, for the late Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who died last year; another celebration was that of the Susan B. Anthony centennial, held during the convention, when the suffrage cycle was reviewed, beginning with the ten years from 1820 to 1830, the "Age of Mobs and Eggs," to the present time of victory.

The victory convention was a fitting meeting to celebrate the triumph. Especially so because in that splendid hour the women did not rest with their accomplishment, but began the preparation of themselves for assuming adequately the duties which they will undertake when, within but a few weeks, the Federal suffrage amendment will be made a part of the Constitution of the United States.

"Say it with Flowers"



**Flowers**

Telegraphed promptly to all parts of the United States and Canada.

**Penn. The Florist**

124 Tremont Street

Boston's FLOWERPHONE Beach 6900

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### AGENTS WANTED

Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish. Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc. and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market. De-Lite Mfg. Co., 9 Cawfield Street, Uphams Corner, Boston.

AGENTS: \$100 Weekly. Automobile owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves ten times its cost. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. \$26 Sample Outfit and Ford Car Free. Write quick. L. BALLWEY, Dept. 166, Louisville, Ky.



**COAL, WOOD, or GAS**

Gas in Summer, Coal in Winter, or in combination

Sold by leading dealers

Circulars on request

**Magee Furnace Company, Inc.**

38 Union Street, Boston, Mass.

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED... *Magee*  
FURNACES, RANGES AND STOVES,  
STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATERS  
The Largest and Most Complete Line Made in the U. S.

Buy a Thrift Stamp with your Savings



**REVERE**

**BAKING POWDER**

ONLY 25¢ PER POUND

IF YOU ONCE TRY IT - YOU WILL ALWAYS BUY IT - GET IT AT YOUR GROCERS

**D. & L. SLADE CO. BOSTON**



The  
**St. James Hotel**

Cor. Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

It is admirably situated in the center of the Capital city, and is most convenient to the public buildings, business houses and places of amusement.

## OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

With the

# FEDERAL TRUST COMPANY

Water and Devonshire Streets, Boston

JOSEPH H. O'NEIL, President

Last five dividends at rate of

**4½%**

Special Attention Given to  
Deposits by Mail.

**Total Resources Over \$18,000,000.00**